

FRONTISPIECE.

Vol. VI



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Published as the Act directs August 10th 1780.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esquire.

—*Mores hominum multorum vidit*—

VOL. VI

LONDON:

Printed for JOSEPH WENMAN,
No. 144, FLEET-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXX.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

BY HENRY LING, F.R.S.



Printed by J. G. ALLEN, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

1881

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

[Continuation of BOOK X.—CHAP. VII.]

JONES now desired to be heard, which was at last, with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the evidence of Mr. Partride, as to the finding the muff; but what was still more, Susan deposed that Sophia herself had delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr. Jones had found it.

Whether a natural love of justice, or the extraordinary comeliness of Jones, had wrought on Susan to make the discovery, I will not determine; but such were the effects of her evidence, that the magistrate, throwing himself back in his chair, declared that the matter was now altogether as clear on the side of the prisoner, as it had before been against him; with which the parson concurred, saying, the Lord forbid he should be instrumental in committing an innocent person to durance. The justice then arose, acquitted the prisoner, and broke up the court.

Mr. Western now gave every one present a hearty curse; and immediately ordering his horses, departed in pursuit of his daughter, without taking the least

notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any answer to his claim of kindred, notwithstanding all the obligations he had just received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his passion, he luckily forgot to demand the muff of Jones: I say luckily, for he would have died on the spot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewise, with his friend Partridge, set forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in quest of his lovely Sophia, whom he now resolved never more to abandon the pursuit of. Nor could he bring himself even to take leave of Mrs. Waters, of whom he detested the very thoughts, as she had been, though not designedly, the occasion of his missing the happiest interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal constancy.

As for Mrs. Waters, she took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place she set out in company with the two Irish gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her clothes; in return for which she was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompence for the loan. Upon the road she was perfectly reconciled to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a very handsome fellow, and indeed did all she could to console him in the absence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr. Jones encountered at his inn at Upton, where they talk, to this day, of the beauty and lovely-behaviour of the charming Sophia, by the name of the Somersetshire Angel.

C H A P. VIII.

In which the history goes backwards.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our history, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her father at the inn at Upton.

The

The reader may be pleased to remember, that in the ninth chapter of the seventh book of our history, we left Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, deciding the cause, as it usually, I believe, happens, in favour of the former.

This debate had arisen, as we have there shewn, from a visit which her father had just before made her, in order to force her consent to a marriage with Blifil; and which he had understood to be fully implied in her acknowledgement, 'that she neither must, nor could refuse any absolute command of his.'

Now from this visit the Squire retired to his evening potation, overjoyed at the success he had had with his daughter; and as he was of a social disposition, and willing to have partakers in his happiness, the beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen; so that before eleven in the evening, there was not a single person sober in the house, except only Mrs. Western herself, and the charming Sophia.

Early in the morning a messenger was dispatched to summon Mr. Blifil: for though the Squire imagined that young gentleman had been much less acquainted than he really was, with the former aversion of his daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her consent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herself would confirm it with her lips. As to the wedding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning save one.

Breakfast was now set forth in the parlour, where Mr. Blifil attended, and where the Squire and his sister likewise were assembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O, Shakespear, had I thy pen! O, Hogarth, had I thy Pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor serving man, who, with pale countenance, staring eyes, chattering teeth, faltering tongue, and trembling limbs,

(E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone,
 Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
 And would have told him, half his Troy was
 burn'd)

enter'd the room, and declared, ' That Madam Sophia was not to be found.'

' Not to be found !' cries the Squire, starting from his chair; ' Zounds and d——nation! blood and fury! where, when, how, what,—Not to be found! where?'

' La, brother,' said Mrs. Western, with true political coldness, ' you are always throwing yourself into such violent passions for nothing. My niece, I suppose, is only walked out into the garden. I protest you are grown so unreasonable, that it is impossible to live in the house with you.'

' Nay, nay,' answered the Squire, returning as suddenly to himself, as he had gone from himself; ' if that be all the matter, it signifies not much; but, upon my soul, my mind misgave me, when the fellow said she was not to be found.' He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and sat himself contentedly down.

No two things could be more the reverse of each other, than were the brother and sister, in most instances; particularly in this, that as the brother never foresaw any thing at a distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every thing the moment it had happened; so the sister eternally foresaw at a distance, but was not so quick-sighted to objects before her eyes. Of both these the reader may have observed examples: and, indeed, both their several talents were excessive: for as the sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the brother often saw much more than was actually the truth.

This was not however the case at present. The same report was brought from the garden, as before had

had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

The Squire himself now sallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarse a voice, as whilome did Hercules that of Hylas: and as the poet tells us, that the whole shore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth; so did the house, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields, resound nothing but the name of Sophia, in the hoarse voices of the men, and in the shrill pipes of the women; while Echo seemed so pleased to repeat the beloved sound, that if there is really such a person, I believe Ovid hath belied her sex.

Nothing reigned for a long time but confusion; till at last the Squire having sufficiently spent his breath, returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Western and Mr. Blifil; and threw himself, with the utmost dejection in his countenance, into a great chair.

Here Mrs. Western began to apply the following consolation:

“ Brother, I am sorry for what hath happened;
 “ and that my niece should have behaved herself in
 “ a manner so unbecoming her family; but it is all
 “ your own doings, and you have nobody to thank
 “ but yourself. You know she hath been educated
 “ always in a manner directly contrary to my ad-
 “ vice, and now you see the consequence. Have I
 “ not a thousand times argued with you about giving
 “ my niece her own will? but you know I never
 “ could prevail upon you; and when I had taken
 “ so much pains to eradicate her headstrong opinions,
 “ and to rectify your errors in policy, you know
 “ she was taken out of my hands; so that I have
 “ nothing to answer for. Had I been trusted entirely
 “ with the care of her education, no such accident as
 “ this had ever befallen you: so that you must com-
 “ fort yourself by thinking it was all your own do-

“ing; and, indeed, what else could be expected from such indulgence?”

“Zounds! sister,” answered he, “you are enough to make one mad. Have I indulged her? have I given her her will?—It was no longer ago than last night that I threatened, if she disobeyed me, to confine her to her chamber upon bread and water as long as she lived.—You would provoke the patience of Job.”

“Did ever mortal hear the like?” replied she. “Brother, if I had not the patience of fifty Jobs, you would make me forget all decency and decorum? Why would you interfere? Did I not beg you, did I not entreat you to leave the whole conduct to me? You have defeated all the operations of the campaign by one false step. Would any man in his senses have provoked a daughter by such threats as these? How often have I told you, that English women are not to be treated like Circassian * slaves. We have the protection of the world: we are to be won by gentle means only, and not to be hectorred, and bullied, and beat into compliance. I thank Heaven, no Salique law governs here. Brother, you have a roughness in your manner which no woman but myself would bear. I do not wonder my niece was frightened and terrified into taking this measure; and to speak honestly, I think my niece will be justified to the world for what she hath done. I repeat it to you again, brother, you must comfort yourself by remembering that it is all your own fault. How often have I advised——” Here Western rose hastily from his chair, and, venting two or three horrid imprecations, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his sister expressed more bitterness (if possible) against him, than she had done while he was present; for the truth of which she appealed

* Possibly Circassian.

pealed to Mr. Blifil, who, with great complacence, acquiesced entirely in all she said; 'but excused all the faults of Mr. Western, as they must be considered,' he said, 'to have proceeded from the too inordinate fondness of a father, which must be allowed the name of an amiable weakness.' 'So much the more inexcusable,' answered the lady; 'for whom doth he ruin by his fondness, but his own child?' To which Blifil immediately agreed.

Mrs. Western then began to express great confusion on the account of Mr. Blifil, and of the usage which he had received from a family to which he intended so much honour. On this subject she treated the folly of her niece with great severity; but concluded with throwing the whole on her brother, who, she said, was inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better assurances of his daughter's consent: 'But he was (says she) always of a violent, headstrong temper; and I can scarce forgive myself for all the advice I have thrown away upon him.'

After much of this kind of conversation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. Blifil took his leave, and returned home, not highly pleased with his disappointment; which, however, the philosophy which he had acquired from Square, and the religion infused into him by Thwackum, together with somewhat else, taught him to bear rather better than more passionate lovers bear these kinds of evils.

CHAP. IX.

The escape of Sophia.

IT is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader, if he loves her half so well as I do, will rejoice to find escaped from the clutches of her passionate father, and from those of her dispassionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron register of time beat on the sonorous bell-metal, summoning the ghosts to rise, and walk their nightly round.— In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family, as we have said, lay buried in drink and sleep, except only Mrs. Western, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet, and except our heroine, who now softly stole down stairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the house-doors, sallied forth, and hastened to the place of appointment.

Notwithstanding the many pretty arts which ladies sometimes practise, to display their fears on every little occasion (almost as many as the other sex uses to conceal theirs) certainly there is a degree of courage, which not only becomes a woman, but is often necessary to enable her to discharge her duty. It is indeed, the idea of fierceness, and not of bravery, which destroys the female character: for who can read the story of the justly celebrated Arria, without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleness and tenderness, as of her fortitude? At the same time, perhaps, many a woman, who shrieks at a mouse or a rat, may be capable of poisoning a husband; or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself.

Sophia, with all the gentleness which a woman can have, had all the spirit which she ought to have. When, therefore, she came to the place of appointment, and, instead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, saw a man ride directly up to her, she neither screamed out, nor fainted away: not that her pulse then beat with its usual regularity; for she was, at first, under some surprise and apprehension: but these were relieved almost as soon as raised, when the man, pulling off his hat, asked her, in a very submissive manner, 'If her ladyship did not expect to meet another lady?' And then proceeded to inform her, 'that he was sent to conduct her to that lady.'

Sophia could have no possible suspicion of any
fallhood

fallshood on this account : she therefore mounted resolutely behind the fellow, who conveyed her safe to a town about five miles distant, where she had the satisfaction of finding the good Mrs. Honour : for as the soul of the waiting-woman was wrapt up in those very habiliments which used to enwrap her body, she could by no means bring herself to trust them out of her sight. Upon these, therefore, she kept guard in person, while she detached the aforesaid fellow after her mistress, having given him all proper instructions.

They now debated what course to take, in order to avoid the pursuit of Mr. Western, who, they knew, would send after them in a few hours. The London road had such charms for Honour, that she was desirous of going on directly ; alledging, that as Sophia could not be missed till eight or nine the next morning, her pursuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way she had gone. But Sophia had too much at stake to venture any thing to chance ; nor did she dare trust too much to her tender limbs, in a contest which was to be decided only by swiftness. She resolved, therefore, to travel across the country, for at least twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So, having hired horses to go twenty miles one way, when she intended to go twenty miles the other, she set forward with the same guide, behind whom she had ridden from her father's house ; the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much less lovely burthen ; being, indeed, a huge portmanteau, well stuffed with those outside ornaments, by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conquests, and, finally, to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn, on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and with a voice much fuller of honey than

from their own guess or suspicion, or from the report and opinion of others, may properly be said to slander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this character, who, without assigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; such as vile, dull, da—d stuff, &c. and particularly by the use of the monosyllable *low*; a word which becomes the mouth of no Critic who is not Right Honourable.

Again, tho' there may be some faults justly assigned in the work; yet if those are not in the most essential parts, or, if they are compensated by greater beauties, it will favour rather of the malice of a slanderer, than of the judgment of a true critic, to pass a severe sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious part. This is directly contrary to the sentiments of Horace.

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria sudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura—*

But where the beauties, more in number, shine,
I am not angry, when a casual line
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand, or human frailty shows.

MR. FRANCIS.

For, as Martial says, *aliter non fit, avite, liber*; No book can be otherwise composed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of every thing human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if such a work as this history, which hath employed some thousands of hours in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular chapter, or perhaps chapters may be obnoxious to very just and sensible objections, And yet nothing is more common than the most rigorous sentence upon books supported by such objections, which if they were rightly taken (and that they are

are not always) do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre especially, a single expression, which doth not coincide with the taste of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is sure to be hissed; and one scene, which should be disapproved, would hazard the whole piece. To write within such severe rules as these, is as impossible as to live up to some splenetic opinions; and if we judge according to the sentiments of some critics, and of some christians, no author will be saved in this world, and no man in the next.

C H A P. II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton.

OUR history, just before it was obliged to turn about and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we shall now therefore pursue the steps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill luck, or rather his ill conduct.

Sophia having directed her guide to travel through bye-roads across the country, they now passed the Severn, and had scarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, saw several horses coming after on full speed. This greatly alarmed her fears, and she called to the guide to put on as fast as possible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faster they went, the faster were they followed; and as the horses behind were somewhat swifter than those before, so the former were at length overtaken. A happy circumstance for poor Sophia; whose fears, joined to her fatigue, had almost overpowered her spirits; but she was now instantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the softest manner, and with the utmost civility. This greeting, Sophia, as soon as she could

recover her breath, with like civility, and with the highest satisfaction to herself, returned.

The travellers who joined Sophia, and who had given her such terror, consisted, like her own company, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together before any one offered again to open their mouths; when our heroine having pretty well got the better of her fear, (but yet being somewhat surprized that the other still continued to attend her, as she pursued no great road, and had already passed through several turnings) accosted the strange lady in a most obliging tone, and said, 'she was very happy to find they were both travelling the same way.' The other, who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered, 'that the happiness was entirely hers; that she was a perfect stranger in that country, and was so overjoyed at meeting a companion of her own sex, that she had perhaps been guilty of an impertinence, which required great apology, in keeping pace with her.' More civilities passed between these two ladies; for Mrs. Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the stranger, and had fallen into the rear. But tho' Sophia had great curiosity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the same bye roads with herself, nay, tho' this gave her some uneasiness; yet fear, or modesty, or some other consideration, restrained her from asking the question.

The strange lady now laboured under a difficulty which appears almost below the dignity of history to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head no less than five times within the last mile; nor could she come at any ribbon or handkerchief to tie it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, she immediately supplied her with a handkerchief for this purpose; which while she was pulling from her pocket, she perhaps too much neglected the management of her horse, for the beast now unluckily making
a false

a false step, fell upon his fore legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Tho' Sophia came head foremost to the ground, she happily received not the least damage; and the same circumstances which had perhaps contributed to her fall now preserved her from confusion; for the lane which they were then passing was narrow and very much overgrown with trees, so that the moon could here afford very little light, and was moreover, at present, so obscured in a cloud, that it was almost perfectly dark. By these means the young lady's modesty, which was extremely delicate, escaped as free from injury as her limbs, and she was once more reinstated in her saddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

Day-light at length appeared in its full lustre, and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common side by side, looking stedfastly at each other, at the same moment both their eyes became fixed; both their horses stopt, and both speaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of Sophia, the other that of Harriet.

This unexpected encounter surprized the ladies much more than I believe it will the sagacious reader, who must have imagined that the strange lady could be no other than Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the cousin of Miss Western, whom we before mentioned to have sallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the surprize and joy which these two cousins conceived at this meeting (for they had formerly been most intimate acquaintance and friends, and had long lived together with their aunt Western) that it is impossible to recount half the congratulations which passed betwenn them, before either asked a very natural question of the other, namely, whither she was going.

This at last, however, came first from Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but, easy and natural as the question may seem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and

certain answer. She begged her cousin therefore to suspend all curiosity, till they arrived at some inn, 'which, I suppose,' says she, 'can hardly be far distant; and believe me, Harriet, I suspend as much curiosity on my side; for indeed I believe our astonishment is pretty equal.'

The conversation which passed between these ladies on the road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and less certainly was that between the two waiting women: for they likewise began to pay their compliments to each other. As for the guides, they were debarred from the pleasure of discourse, the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this posture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, soon brought them to a very fair promising inn; where they all alighted; but so fatigued was Sophia, that, as she had sat her horse during the last five or six miles with great difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without assistance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his arms from her saddle; and she too readily accepted the tender of his service. Indeed fortune seems to have resolved to put Sophia to the blush that day, and the second malicious attempt succeeded better than the first; for my landlord had no sooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the same time, with no less dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming burthen, so that he alone received any bruise from the fall; for the great injury which happened to Sophia, was a violent shock given to her modesty, by an immoderate grin which, at her rising from the ground, she observed in the countenances of most of the bye-standers. This made her suspect what had really happened, and what we shall not

not here relate for the indulgence of those readers who are capable of laughing at the offence given to a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we have never regarded in a comical light; nor will we scruple to say, that he must have a very inadequate idea of the modesty of a beautiful young woman, who would wish to sacrifice it to so paltry a satisfaction as can arise from laughter.

This fright and shock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almost overcame the excellent constitution of Sophia, and she had scarce strength sufficient to totter into the inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here she was no sooner seated than she called for a glass of water; but Mrs. Honour, very judiciously, in my opinion, changed it into a glass of wine.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick hearing from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had not been in bed during the two last nights, and observing her to look very pale and wan with fatigue, earnestly entreated her to refresh herself with some sleep. She was yet a stranger to her history, or her apprehensions; but had she known both, she would have given the same advice; for rest was visibly necessary for her; and their long journey through bye-roads so entirely removed all danger of pursuit, that she was herself perfectly easy on that account.

Sophia was easily prevailed on to follow the counsel of her friend, which was heartily seconded by her maid. Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise offered to bear her cousin company, which Sophia, with much complaisance, accepted.

The mistress was no sooner in bed, than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her sister Abigail for leaving her alone in so horrid a place as an inn; but the other stopped her short, being as well inclined to a nap as herself, and desired the honour of being her bed-fellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a share of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So

after many court'sies and compliments, to bed together went the waiting-women, as their mistresses had done before them.

It was usual with my landlord (as indeed it is with the whole fraternity) to enquire particularly of all coachmen, footmen, post-boys, and others, into the names of all his guests, what their estate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular circumstances which attended our travellers, and especially their retiring all to sleep at so extraordinary and unusual an hour as ten in the morning, should excite his curiosity. As soon therefore as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they came; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather inflamed his curiosity than extinguished it.

This landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very sagacious fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into things than any man in the parish, the parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a pipe in his mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the opinion of his wisdom. In his deportment he was solemn, if not sullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow voice; and though his sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many hums and haas, ay, ays, and other expletives: so that though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory gestures, such as shaking or nodding the head, or pointing with his fore-finger, he generally left his hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them a hint, that he knew much more than he thought

thought proper to disclose. This last circumstance alone may, indeed, very well account for his character of wisdom; since men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand secret, upon which several impose on mankind have totally relied for the success of their frauds.

This polite person now taking his wife aside, asked her, 'What she thought of the ladies lately arrived?' 'Think of them,' said the wife, 'why what should I think of them?' 'I know,' answered he, 'what I think. The guides tell strange stories. One pretends to be come from Gloucester, and the other from Upton; and neither of them, from what I can find, can tell whither they are going. But what people ever travel across the country from Upton hither, especially to London? And one of the maid-servants, before she alighted from her horse, asked, if this was not the London road? Now I have put all these circumstances together, and whom do you think I have found them out to be?' 'Nay,' answered she, 'you know I never pretend to guess at your discoveries.'—'It is a good girl,' replied he, chucking her under the chin; 'I must own you have always submitted to my knowledge of these matters. Why then, depend upon it; mind what I say,—depend upon it, they are certainly some of the rebel ladies, who, they say, travel with the young chevalier; and have taken a round-about way to escape the duke's army.'

'Husband, quoth the wife, 'you have certainly hit it; for one of them is dressed as fine as any princess; and, to be sure, she looks for all the world like one.—But yet, when I consider one thing'—'When you consider!' cries the landlord contemptuously—'Come, pray let's hear what you consider.'—'Why it is,' answered the wife, 'that she is too humble to be any very great lady; for while our Betty was warming the bed, she called her nothing

‘ but child, and my dear, and sweetheart ; and when
 ‘ Betty offered to pull off her shoes and stockings, she
 ‘ would not suffer her, saying, she would not give
 ‘ her the trouble.’

‘ Pooh !’ answered the husband, ‘ this is nothing.
 ‘ Dost think, because you have seen some great ladies
 ‘ rude and uncivil to persons below them, that none
 ‘ of them know how to behave themselves when
 ‘ they come before their inferiors ? I think I know
 ‘ people of fashion when I see them. I think I do.
 ‘ Did not she call for a glass of water when she
 ‘ came in ? Another sort of women would have
 ‘ called for a dram ; you know they would. If she
 ‘ be not a woman of very great quality, sell me for a
 ‘ fool ; and, I believe, those who buy me will have
 ‘ a bad bargain. Now, would a woman of her qua-
 ‘ lity travel without a footman, unless upon some
 ‘ such extraordinary occasion ?’—‘ Nay, to be sure,
 ‘ husband,’ cries she, ‘ you know these matters bet-
 ‘ ter than I, or most folk.’ ‘ I think I do know
 ‘ something,’ said he. ‘ To be sure, answered the
 ‘ wife, ‘ the poor little heart looked so piteous, when
 ‘ she sat down in the chair, I protest I could not help
 ‘ having a compassion for her, almost as much as if
 ‘ she had been a poor body. But what’s to be done,
 ‘ husband ? If an she be a rebel, I suppose you in-
 ‘ tend to betray her up to the court. Well, she’s a
 ‘ sweet-tempered, good-humoured lady, be she what
 ‘ she will ; and I shall hardly refrain from crying
 ‘ when I hear she is hanged or beheaded.’ Pooh !
 ‘ answered the husband—‘ But as to what’s to be done
 ‘ it is not so easy a matter to determine. I hope,
 ‘ before she goes away, we shall have the news of a
 ‘ battle ; for if the chevalier should get the better, she
 ‘ may gain us interest at court, and make our fortunes
 ‘ without betraying her.’ ‘ Why, that’s true,’ replied
 ‘ the wife ; ‘ and I heartily hope she will have it in
 ‘ her power. Certainly she’s a sweet good lady ; it
 ‘ would go horribly against me to have her come to
 ‘ any

‘any harm.’ ‘Pooh,’ cries the landlord, ‘women are always so tender-hearted — Why, you would not harbour rebels, would ye?’ ‘No, certainly,’ answered the wife; ‘and as for betraying her, come what will on’t, nobody can blame us. It is what any body would do in our case.’

While our politic landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the reputation of great wisdom among his neighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with himself (for he paid little attention to the opinion of his wife) news arrived, that the rebels had given the duke the slip, and had got a day’s march towards London; and soon after arrived a famous Jacobite Squire, who, with great joy in his countenance, took the landlord by the hand, saying, ‘All’s our own, boy: ten thousand honest Frenchmen are landed in Suffolk. Old England for ever! ten thousand French, my brave lad! I am going to tap away directly.’

This news determined the opinion of the wise man, and he resolved to make his court to the young lady, when she arose; for he had now (he said) discovered that she was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron herself.

C H A P. III.

A very short chapter, in which however is a sun, a moon, a star, and an angel.

THE sun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year) had been some time retired to rest, when Sophia arose, greatly refreshed by her sleep; which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occasioned; for though she had told her maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy, when she left Upton; yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with that malady which is attended with all the restless symptoms of a fever, and is perhaps the very distemper which

physicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the fever on the spirits.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise left her bed at the same time; and having summoned her maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty woman, and had she been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. Honour of her own accord attended (for her mistress would not suffer her to be awaked) and had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who had performed the office of the morning star, and had preceded greater glories, shared the fate of that star, and were totally eclipsed the moment those glories shone forth.

Perhaps Sophia never looked more beautiful than she did at this instant. We ought not therefore to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole; who when she descended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that if ever there was an angel upon earth, she was now above stairs.

Sophia had acquainted her cousin with her design to go to London; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had agreed to accompany her; for the arrival of her husband at Upton had put an end to her design of going to Bath, or to her aunt Western. They had therefore no sooner finished their tea, than Sophia proposed to set out, the moon then shining extremely bright; and as for the frost she defied it; nor had she any of those apprehensions which many young ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for she had, as we have before observed, some little degree of natural courage; and this her present sensations, which bordered somewhat on despair, greatly increased. Besides, as she had already travelled twice with safety, by the light of the moon, she was the better emboldened to trust to it a third time.

The disposition of Mrs. Fitzpatrick was more timorous; for though the greater terrors had conquered
the

the less, and the presence of her husband had driven her away at so unseasonable an hour from Upton; yet being now arrived at a place where she thought herself safe from his pursuit, these lesser terrors of I know not what, operated so strongly, that she earnestly intreated her cousin to stay till the next morning, and not expose herself to the dangers of travelling by night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an excess, when she could neither laugh nor reason her cousin out of these apprehensions, at last gave way to them. Perhaps, indeed, had she known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might have been more difficult to have persuaded her; for as to Jones, she had, I am afraid, no great horror at the thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confess the truth, I believe she rather wished than feared it; though I might honestly enough have concealed this wish from the reader, as it was one of those secret spontaneous emotions of the soul, to which the reason is often a stranger.

When our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in the inn, they were attended by the landlady, who desired to know what their ladyships would be pleased to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that she ravished the landlady to the highest degree; and that good woman, concluding that she had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a staunch Jacobite, and wished heartily well to the young pretender's cause, from the great sweetness and affability with which she had been treated by his supposed mistress.

The two cousins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curiosity, to know what extraordinary accidents on both sides occasioned this so strange and unexpected meeting. At last Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promise of communicating likewise in her turn, began to relate what the reader,

if he is desirous to know her history, may read in the ensuing chapter.

C H A P. IV.

The history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MRS. Fitzpatrick, after a silence of a few moments, fetching a deep sigh, thus began :

‘ It is natural to the unhappy to feel a secret concern in recollecting those periods of their lives which have been most delightful to them. The remembrance of past pleasures affects us with a kind of tender grief, like what we suffer for departed friends ; and the ideas of both may be said to haunt our imaginations.

‘ For this reason, I never reflect without sorrow on those days (the happiest far of my life) which we spent together, when both were under the care of my aunt Western. Alas ! why are Miss Graveairs and Miss Giddy no more ? you remember, I am sure, when we knew each other by no other names. Indeed you gave the latter appellation with too much cause. I have since experienced how much I deserved it. You, my Sophia, was always my superior in every thing, and I heartily hope you will be so in your fortune. I shall never forget the wise and matronly advice you once gave me, when I lamented being disappointed of a ball, though you could not be then fourteen years old.— O my Sophia, how blest must have been my situation, when I could think such a disappointment a misfortune ; and when indeed it was the greatest I had ever known !’

‘ And yet, my dear Harriet,’ answered Sophia, ‘ it was then a serious matter with you. Comfort yourself therefore with thinking, that whatever you now lament may hereafter appear as trifling and contemptible as a ball would at this time.’

‘ Alas, my Sophia,’ replied the other lady, you
‘ yourself

'yourself will think otherwise of my present situation; for greatly must that tender heart be altered, if my misfortunes do not draw many a sigh, nay many a tear, from you. The knowledge of this should perhaps deter me from relating what I am convinced will so much affect you.' Here Mrs. Fitzpatrick stopt, till, at the repeated entreaties of Sophia, she thus proceeded.

'Though you must have heard much of my marriage; yet, as matters may probably have been misrepresented, I will set out from the very commencement of my unfortunate acquaintance with my present husband; which was at Bath, soon after you left my aunt, and returned home to your father.

'Among the gay young fellows who were at this season at Bath, Mr. Fitzpatrick was one. He was handsome, dégagé, extremely gallant, and his dress exceeded most others. In short, my dear, if you was unluckily to see him now, I could describe him no better than by telling you he was the very reverse of every thing which he is: for he hath rusticated himself so long, that he is become an absolute wild Irishman. But to proceed in my story; the qualifications which he then possessed so well recommended him, that though the people of quality at that time lived separate from the rest of the company, and excluded them from all their parties, Mr. Fitzpatrick found means to gain admittance. It was perhaps no easy matter to avoid him; for he required very little or no invitation; and as being handsome and genteel, he found it no difficult matter to ingratiate himself with the ladies; so, he having frequently drawn his sword, the men did not care publicly to affront him. Had it not been for some such reason, I believe he would have been soon expelled by his own sex; for surely he had no strict title to be preferred to the English gentry; nor did they

seem

‘ seem inclined to shew him any extraordinary favour. They all abused him behind his back, which might probably proceed from envy; for he was well received, and very particularly distinguished by the women.

‘ My aunt, though no person of quality herself, as she had always lived about the court, was enrolled in that party: for by whatever means you get into the polite circle, when you are once there, it is sufficient merit for you that you are there. This observation, young as you was, you could scarce avoid making from my aunt, who was free or reserved with all people, just as they had more or less of this merit.

‘ And this merit, I believe, it was, which principally recommended Mr. Fitzpatrick to her favour. In which he so well succeeded, that he was always one of her private parties. Nor was he backward in returning such distinction; for he soon grew so very particular in his behaviour to her, that the scandal club first began to take notice of it, and the better disposed persons made a match between them. For my own part, I confess, I made no doubt but that his designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage. My aunt was, I conceived, neither young enough nor handsome enough to attract much wicked inclination; but she had matrimonial charms in great abundance.

‘ I was the more confirmed in this opinion, from the extraordinary respect which he shewed to myself, from the first moment of our acquaintance. This I understood as an attempt to lessen, if possible, that disinclination which my interest might be supposed to give me towards the match; and I know not but in some measure it had the effect: for as I was well contented with my own fortune, and of all people the least a slave to interested views; so I could not be violently the enemy of a man with
‘ whose

‘ whose behaviour to me I was greatly pleased; and
 ‘ the more so, as I was the only object of such re-
 ‘ spect; for he behaved, at the same time, to many
 ‘ women of quality without any respect at all.

‘ Agreeable as this was to me, he soon changed
 ‘ it into another kind of behaviour, which was
 ‘ perhaps more so. He now put on much softness
 ‘ and tenderness, and languished and sighed abun-
 ‘ dantly. At times, indeed, whether from art or
 ‘ nature I will not determine, he gave his usual loose
 ‘ to gaiety and mirth; but this was always in general
 ‘ company, and with other women; for even in a
 ‘ country-dance, when he was not my partner, he be-
 ‘ came grave; and put on the softest look imaginable,
 ‘ the moment he approached me. Indeed he was in
 ‘ all things so very particular to me, that I must
 ‘ have been blind not to have discovered it. And,
 ‘ and, and——’ ‘ And you was more pleased
 ‘ still, my dear Harriet,’ cries Sophia; ‘ you need
 ‘ not be ashamed,’ added she, sighing; ‘ for sure
 ‘ there are irresistible charms in tenderness, which
 ‘ too many men are able to affect.’—‘ True,’ answer-
 ‘ ed her cousin: ‘ men, who in all other instances
 ‘ want common sense, are very Machiavels in the
 ‘ art of loving. I wish I did not know an instance.
 ‘ —Well, scandal now began to be as busy with me
 ‘ as it had before been with my aunt; and some
 ‘ good ladies did not scruple to affirm, that Mr. Fitz-
 ‘ patrick had an intrigue with us both.

‘ But what may seem astonishing, my aunt never
 ‘ saw, nor in the least seemed to suspect, that which
 ‘ was visible enough, I believe, from both our beha-
 ‘ viours. One would indeed think, that love quite
 ‘ put out the eyes of an old woman. In fact,
 ‘ they so greedily swallow the addresses which are
 ‘ made to them, that, like an outrageous glutton,
 ‘ they are not at leisure to observe what passes a-
 ‘ mongst others at the same table. This I have ob-
 ‘ served in more cases than my own; and this was

‘ so

' so strongly verified by my aunt, that, though she
 ' often found us together at her return from the
 ' pump, the least canting word of his, pretending
 ' impatience at her absence, effectually smothered all
 ' suspicion. One artifice succeeded with her to ad-
 ' miration. This was his treating me like a little
 ' child, and never calling me by any other name in
 ' her presence, but that of pretty Miss. This in-
 ' deed did him some disservice with your humble
 ' servant; but I soon saw through it, especially as
 ' in her absence he behaved to me, as I have said,
 ' in a different manner. However, if I was not
 ' greatly disoblged by a conduct of which I had
 ' discovered the design, I smarted very severely for
 ' it: for my aunt really conceived me to be what her
 ' lover (as she thought him) called me, and treated
 ' me, in all respects, as a perfect infant. To say
 ' the truth, I wonder she had not insisted on my
 ' again wearing leading-strings.

' At last, my lover (for so he was) thought proper
 ' in a most solemn manner, to disclose a secret which
 ' I had known long before. He now placed all the
 ' love which he had pretended to my aunt to my ac-
 ' count. He lamented, in very pathetic terms, the
 ' encouragement she had given him, and made a high
 ' merit of the tedious hours, in which he had under-
 ' gone her conversation.—What shall I tell you, my
 ' dear Sophia?—Then I will confess the truth. I
 ' was pleased with my man. I was pleased with my
 ' conquest. To rival my aunt, delighted me; to rival
 ' so many other women, charmed me. In short, I
 ' am afraid, I did not behave as I should do, even
 ' upon the very first declaration.—I wish I did not
 ' almost give him positive encouragement before we
 ' parted.

' The Bath now talked loudly, I might almost say,
 ' roared against me. Several young women affected
 ' to shun my acquaintance, not so much, perhaps,
 ' from any real suspicion, as from a desire of banish-

ing.

ing me from a company, in which I too much engrossed their favourite man. And here I cannot omit expressing my gratitude to the kindness intended me by Mr. Nash; who took me one day aside, and gave me advice, which, if I had followed, I had been a happy woman. "Child," says he, "I am sorry to see the familiarity which subsists between you and a fellow who is altogether unworthy of you, and I am afraid will prove your ruin. As for your old stinking aunt, if it was to be no injury to you, and my pretty Sophia Western (I assure you I repeat his words) I should be heartily glad, that the fellow was in possession of all that belongs to her. I never advise old women: for if they take it into their heads to go to the devil, it is no more possible, than worth while, to keep them from him. Innocence, and youth and beauty, are worthy a better fare, and I would save them from his clutches. Let me advise you therefore, dear child, never suffer this fellow to be particular with you again."—Many more things he said to me, which I have now forgotten, and indeed I attended very little to them at that time: for inclination contradicted all he said; and besides I could not be persuaded, that women of quality would condescend to familiarity with such a person as he described.

But I am afraid, my dear, I shall tire you with a detail of so many minute circumstances. To be concise, therefore, imagine me married; imagine me, with my husband, at the feet of my aunt; and then imagine the maddest woman in Bedlam in a raving fit, and your imagination will suggest to you no more than what really happened.

The very next day my aunt left the place, partly to avoid seeing Mr. Fitzpatrick or myself, and as much perhaps to avoid seeing any one else; for, though I am told she hath since denied every thing stoutly, I believe she was then a little confounded at her disappointment. Since that time I have written

to

' to her many letters, but never could obtain an an-
 ' swer, which I must own sits somewhat the heavier,
 ' as she herself was, though undesignedly, the occa-
 ' sion of all my sufferings; for had it not been under
 ' the colour of paying his addresses to her, Mr. Fitzpa-
 ' trick would never have found sufficient opportuni-
 ' ties to have engaged my heart, which, in other cir-
 ' cumstances, I still flatter myself would not have
 ' been an easy conquest to such a person. Indeed,
 ' I believe, I should not have erred so grossly in my
 ' choice, if I had relied on my own judgment; but I
 ' trusted totally to the opinion of others, and very
 ' foolishly took the merit of a man for granted, whom
 ' I saw so universally well received by the women.
 ' What is the reason, my dear, that we, who have
 ' understandings equal to the wisest and greatest of
 ' the other sex, so often make choice of the silliest
 ' fellows for companions and favourites? It raises
 ' my indignation to the highest pitch, to reflect on the
 ' numbers of women of sense who have been undone
 ' by fools.' Here she paused a moment; but Sophia
 making no answer, she proceeded as in the next chap-
 ter.

C H A P. V.

In which the History of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued.

' **W**E remained at Bath no longer than a fort-
 ' night after our wedding: for as to any re-
 ' conciliation with my aunt, there were no hopes;
 ' and of my fortune, not one farthing could be
 ' touched till I was at age, of which I now wanted
 ' more than two years. My husband therefore was
 ' resolved to set out for Ireland; against which I re-
 ' monstrated very earnestly, and insisted on a promise
 ' which he had made me before our marriage, that I
 ' should never take this journey against my consent;
 ' and indeed I never intended to consent to it; nor
 ' will any body, I believe, blame me for that resolu-
 ' tion; but this, however, I never mentioned to my
 ' my

my husband, and petitioned only the reprieve of a month; but he had fixed the day, and to that day he obstinately adhered.

The evening before our departure, as we were disputing this point with great eagerness on both sides, he started suddenly from his chair, and left me abruptly, saying, he was going to the rooms. He was hardly out of the house, when I saw a paper lying on the floor, which, I suppose, he had carelessly pulled from his pocket, together with his handkerchief. This paper I took up, and finding it to be a letter, I made no scruple to open and read it; and indeed I read it so often, that I can repeat it to you almost word for word. This then was the letter.

“ To Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick.

“ SIR,

“ YOURS received, and am surprised you should use me in this manner, as have never seen any of your cash, unless for one linsley-woolsey coat, and your bill now is upwards of 150l. Consider, Sir, how often you have fobbed me off with your being shortly to be married to this lady, and t’other lady; but I can neither live on hopes or promises, nor will my woollen-draper take any such in!payment. You tell me you are secure of having either the aunt or the neice, and that you might have married the aunt before this, whose jointure you say is immense, but that you prefer the niece on account of her ready money. Pray, Sir, take a fool’s advice for once, and marry the first you can get. You will pardon my offering my advice, as you know I sincerely wish you well. Shall draw on you per next post, in favour of Messieurs John Drugget and company, at fourteen days, which doubt not your honouring, and am,

“ Sir, your humble servant,

“ SAM. COSGRAVE.”

‘ This

' This was the letter, word for word. Guess, my
 ' dear girl, guess how this letter affected me. You
 ' prefer the niece on account of her ready money! If
 ' every one of these words had been a dagger, I could
 ' with pleasure have stabbed them into his heart; but
 ' I will not recount my frantic behaviour on the oc-
 ' casion. I had pretty well spent my tears before his
 ' return home; but sufficient remains of them ap-
 ' peared in my swollen eyes. He threw himself sud-
 ' denly into his chair, and for a long time we were
 ' both silent. At length in a haughty tone, he said,
 " I hope, Madam, your servants have packed up all
 " your things; for the coach will be ready by six in
 " the morning." My patience was totally subdued
 ' by this provocation, and I answered, " no, Sir,
 " there is a letter still remains unpacked;" and then
 ' throwing it on the table, I fell to upbraiding him
 ' with the most bitter language I could invent.

' Whether guilt, or shame, or prudence, restrained
 ' him. I cannot say; but tho' he is the most passion-
 ' ate of men, he exerted no rage on this occasion. He
 ' endeavoured, on the contrary, to pacify me by
 ' the most gentle means. He swore the phrase in the
 ' letter to which I principally objected was not his,
 ' nor had he ever written any such. He owned in-
 ' deed the having mentioned his marriage, and that
 ' preference which he had given to myself, but de-
 ' nied with many oaths the having assigned any such
 ' reason. And he excused the having mentioned any
 ' such matter at all, on account of the straits he was
 ' in for money. arising, he said, from his having too
 ' long neglected his estate in Ireland. And this, he
 ' said, which he could not bear to discover to me,
 ' was the only reason of his having so strenuously in-
 ' sisted on our journey. He then used several very en-
 ' dearing expressions, and concluded by a very fond
 ' caress, and many violent protestations of love.

' There was one circumstance, which, though he
 ' did not appeal to it, had much weight with me in
 ' his

his favour, and that was the word jointure in the
 Taylor's letter, whereas my aunt never had been
 married, and this Mr. Fitzpatrick well knew.—
 As I imagined therefore that the fellow must have
 inserted this of his own head, or from hearsay, I
 persuaded myself he might have ventured likewise
 on that odious line on no better authority. What
 reasoning was this, my dear? Was I not an advo-
 cate rather than a judge?—But why do I mention
 such a circumstance as this, or appeal to it for the
 justification of my forgiveness?—In short, had he
 been guilty of twenty times as much, half the ten-
 derness and fondness which he used would have
 prevailed on me to have forgiven him. I now
 made no farther objections to our setting out,
 which we did the next morning, and in a little
 more than a week arrived at the seat of Mr. Fitz-
 patrick.

Your curiosity will excuse me from relating any
 occurrences which past during our journey: for
 it would indeed be highly disagreeable to travel it
 over again, and no less so to you to travel it over
 with me.

This seat, then, is an ancient mansion-house: if I
 was in one of those merry humours, in which you
 have so often seen me, I could describe it to you
 ridiculously enough. It looked as if it had been
 formerly inhabited by a gentleman. Here was
 room enough, and not the less room on account of
 the furniture: for indeed there was very little in it.
 An old woman, who seemed coeval with the build-
 ing, and greatly resembled her whom Chamont
 mentions in the Orphan, received us at the gate;
 and in a howl scarce human, and to me unintelli-
 gible, welcomed her master home. In short, the
 whole scene was so gloomy and melancholy, that
 it threw my spirits into the lowest dejection; which
 my husband discerning, instead of relieving, in-
 creased by two or three malicious observations.

There

“ There are good houses, Madam,” says he, “ as
 “ you find besides England; but perhaps you had
 “ rather be in dirty lodgings at Bath.”

“ Happy, my dear, is the woman, who in any state
 “ of life hath a chearful good-natured companion to
 “ support and comfort her; but why do I reflect on
 “ happy situations only to aggravate my own misery?
 “ My companion, far from clearing up the gloom of
 “ solitude, soon convinced me, that I must have been
 “ wretched with him in any place, and in any con-
 “ dition. In a word, he was a surly fellow, a cha-
 “ racter perhaps you have never seen: for indeed no
 “ woman ever sees it exemplified, but in a father, a
 “ brother, or a husband; and though you have a
 “ father, he is not of that character. This surly fellow
 “ had formerly appeared to me the very reverse, and
 “ so he did still to every other person. Good hea-
 “ ven! how is it possible for a man to maintain a
 “ constant lie in his appearance abroad and in com-
 “ pany, and to content himself with shewing disagree-
 “ able truth only at home? Here, my dear, they
 “ make themselves amends for the uneasy restraint
 “ which they put on their tempers in the world; for
 “ I have observed, the more merry, and gay, and
 “ good-humoured my husband hath at any time been
 “ in company, the more sullen and morose he was
 “ sure to become at our next private meeting. How
 “ shall I describe his barbarity? To my fondness
 “ he was cold and insensible. My little comical
 “ ways, which you, my Sophia, and which others
 “ have called so agreeable, he treated with contempt.
 “ In my most serious moments, he sung and whis-
 “ tled: and whenever I was thoroughly dejected and
 “ miserable, he was angry, and abused me: for
 “ though he was never pleased with my good hu-
 “ mour, nor ascribed it to my satisfaction in him;
 “ yet my low spirits always offended him, and those
 “ he imputed to my repentance of having (as he said)
 “ married an Irishman.

' You will easily conceive, my dear Graveairs (I
 ' ask your pardon, I really forgot myself) that when
 ' a woman makes an imprudent match in the sense
 ' of the world; that is, when she is not an arrant
 ' prostitute to pecuniary interest, she must necessarily
 ' have some inclination and affection for her man.
 ' You will as easily believe that this affection may
 ' possibly be lessened; nay, I do assure you, con-
 ' tempt will wholly eradicate it. This contempt
 ' I now began to entertain for my husband, whom
 ' I now discovered to be—I must use the expression
 ' —an arrant blockhead. Perhaps you will wonder
 ' I did not make this discovery long before; but
 ' women will suggest a thousand excuses to them-
 ' selves for the folly of those they like: besides,
 ' give me leave to tell you, it requires a most pene-
 ' trating eye to discern a fool through the disguises of
 ' gaiety and good-breeding.

' It will be easily imagined, that when I once de-
 ' spised my husband, as I confess to you I soon did,
 ' I must consequently dislike his company; and in-
 ' deed I had the happiness of being very little trou-
 ' bled with it; for our house was now most elegantly
 ' furnished, our cellars well stocked, and dogs and
 ' horses provided in great abundance. As my gen-
 ' tleman therefore entertained his neighbours with
 ' great hospitality, so his neighbours resorted to him
 ' with great alacrity; and sports and drinking con-
 ' sumed so much of his time, that a small part of his
 ' conversation, that is to say, of his ill-humours, fell
 ' to my share.

' Happy would it have been for me, if I could as
 ' easily have avoided all other disagreeable company;
 ' but alas I was confined to some which constantly
 ' tormented me; and the more, as I saw no prospect
 ' of being relieved from them. These companions
 ' were my own racking thoughts, which plagued,
 ' and in a manner haunted me night and day.—
 ' In this situation, I passed through a scene, the
 ' horrors

‘ horrors of which can neither be painted nor
 ‘ imagined. Think, my dear ; figure, if you can, to
 ‘ yourself what I must have undergone. I became a
 ‘ mother by the man I scorned, hated, and detested.
 ‘ I went through all the agonies and miseries of a ly-
 ‘ ing-in (ten times more painful in such a circumstance
 ‘ than the worst labour can be, when one endures it
 ‘ for a man one loves) in a desert, or rather indeed
 ‘ a scene of riot and revel, without a friend, without
 ‘ a companion, or without any of those agreeable
 ‘ circumstances, which often alleviate, and perhaps
 ‘ sometimes more than compensate, the sufferings of
 ‘ our sex at this season.”

C H A P. VI.

*In which the mistake of the landlord throws Sophia into a
 dreadful consternation.*

MRS. Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her narra-
 tive, when she was interrupted by the entrance
 of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia: for the
 misfortunes of her friend had raised her anxiety, and
 left her no appetite, but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to
 satisfy by her relation.

The landlord now attended with a plate under his
 arm, and with the same respect in his countenance
 and address, which he would have put on, had the
 ladies arrived in a coach and six.

The married lady seemed less affected with her
 own misfortunes than was her cousin: for the former
 eat very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly
 swallow a morsel. Sophia likewise shewed more
 concern and sorrow in her countenance than appeared
 in the other lady; who having observed these symp-
 toms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, saying,
 ‘ perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I
 ‘ expect.’

Our landlord thought he had now an opportunity
 to open his mouth, and was resolved not to omit it.

‘ I am

'I am sorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your ladyship can't eat; for, to be sure, you must be hungry after so long fasting. I hope your ladyship is not uneasy at any thing; for, as madam there says, all may end better than any body expects. A gentleman, who was here just now, brought excellent news; and perhaps some folks who have given other folks the slip, may get to London before they are overtaken; and if they do, I make no doubt, but they will find people who will be very ready to receive them.'

All persons under the apprehension of danger convert whatever they see and hear into the objects of that apprehension. Sophia therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing speech, that she was known, and pursued by her father. She was now struck with the utmost consternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of speech; which she so soon recovered, than she desired the landlord to send his servants out of the room, and then addressing herself to him, said; 'I perceive, Sir, you know who we are; but I beseech you—nay, I am convinced, if you have any compassion or goodness, you will not betray us.'

'I betray your ladyship!' quoth the landlord; 'No;' (and then he swore several very hearty oaths) 'I would sooner be cut into ten thousand pieces. I hate all treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in my life yet, and I am sure I shall not begin with so sweet a lady as your ladyship. All the world would very much blame me if I should, since it will be in your ladyship's power so shortly to reward me. My wife can witness for me, I knew your ladyship the moment you came into the house: I said it was your honour, before I lifted you from your horse, and I shall carry the bruises I got in your ladyship's service to the grave; but what signified that, as long as I saved your ladyship. To be sure, some people this morning
 8 C would

‘ would have thought of getting a reward; but no such thought ever entered into my head: I would sooner starve than take any reward for betraying your ladyship.’

‘ I promise you, Sir,’ says Sophia, ‘ if it be ever in my power to reward you, you shall not lose by your generosity.’

‘ Alack-a-day! Madam,’ answered the landlord, ‘ in your ladyship’s power! heaven put it as much into your will. I am only afraid your honour will forget such a poor man as an innkeeper; but if your ladyship should not, I hope you will remember what reward I refused—refused; that is, I would have refused, and to be sure it may be called refusing; for I might have had it certainly; and to be sure you might have been in some houses;—but for my part, I would not methinks for the world have your ladyship wrong me so much, as to imagine I ever thought of betraying you, even before I heard the good news.’

‘ What news, pray?’ says Sophia somewhat eagerly.

‘ Hath not your ladyship heard it then!’ cries the landlord; ‘ nay, like enough: for I heard it only a few minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, may the devil fly away with me this instant, if I would have betrayed your honour; no, if I would, may I’—Here he subjoined several dreadful imprecations, which Sophia at last interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the news.—He was going to answer, when Mrs. Honour came running into the room, all pale and breathless, and cried out, ‘ Madam, we are all undone, all ruined! they are come, they are come!’ These words almost froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked Honour, who were come?—‘ Who?’ answered she, ‘ why the French; several hundred thousands of them are landed, and we shall be all murdered and ravished.’

As a miser, who hath in some well-built city a
cottage,

cottage, value twenty shillings, when at a distance he is alarmed with the news of a fire, turns pale and trembles at his loss; but when he finds the beautiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains safe, he comes instantly to himself and smiles at his good fortune: or as (for we dislike something in the former simile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehension that her darling boy is drowned, is struck senseless and almost dead with consternation; but when she is told that little master is safe, and the Victory only with twelve hundred brave men gone to the bottom, life and sense again return, maternal fondness enjoys the sudden relief from all its fears, and the general benevolence, which at another time would have deeply felt the dreadful catastrophe, lies fast asleep in her mind.

So Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found such immediate satisfaction from the relief of those terrors she had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French scarce made any impression on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into which she had thrown her; and said, 'she was glad it was no worse; for that she had feared somebody else was come.'

'Ay, ay,' quoth the landlord smiling, 'her ladyship knows better things; she knows the French are our very best friends, and come over hither only for our good. They are the people who are to make Old England flourish again. I warrant her honour thought the duke was coming; and that was enough to put her into a fright. I was going to tell your ladyship the news.—His honour's majesty, Heaven bless him, hath given the duke the slip, and is marching as fast as he can to London, and ten thousand French are landed to join him on the road.'

Sophia was not greatly pleased with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but as she

still imagined he knew her (for she could not possibly have any suspicion of the real truth) she durst not shew any dislike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The mind of Sophia was not at all easy under the supposition of being known at this house; for she still applied to herself many things which the landlord had addressed to Jenny Cameron; she therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by what means he had become acquainted with her person, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her; she likewise ordered the horses to be in readiness by four in the morning, at which hour Mrs. Fitzpatrick promised to bear her company; and then composing herself as well as she could, she desired that lady to continue her story.

C H A P. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her history.

WHILE Mrs. Honour, in pursuance of the commands of her mistress, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it, Mrs. Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

Most of the officers who were quartered at a town in our neighbourhood were of my husband's acquaintance. Among these was a lieutenant, a very pretty sort of man, and who was married to a woman so agreeable both in her temper and conversation, that from our first knowing each other, which was soon after my lying-in, we were almost inseparable companions; for I had the good fortune to make myself equally agreeable to her.

The lieutenant, who was neither a sot nor a sportsman, was frequently of our parties; indeed, he was very little with my husband, and no more than

‘ than good breeding constrained him to be, as he
 ‘ lived almost constantly at our house. My husband
 ‘ often expressed much dissatisfaction at the lieu-
 ‘ tenant’s preferring my company to his; he was very
 ‘ angry with me on that account, and gave me many
 ‘ a hearty curse for drawing away his companions;
 ‘ saying, “ I ought to be d—ned for having spoiled
 ‘ one of the prettiest fellows in the world by mak-
 ‘ ing a milk-sop of him.”

‘ You will be mistaken, my dear Sophia, if you
 ‘ imagine that the anger of my husband arose from
 ‘ my depriving him of a companion; for the lieu-
 ‘ tenant was not a person with whose society a fool
 ‘ could be pleased; and if I should admit a possibi-
 ‘ lity of this, so little right had my husband to place
 ‘ the loss of his companion to me, that I am con-
 ‘ vinced it was my conversation alone which induced
 ‘ him ever to come to the house. No, child, it was
 ‘ envy, the worst and most rancorous kind of envy,
 ‘ the envy of superiority of understanding. The
 ‘ wretch could not bear to see my conversation pre-
 ‘ ferred to his, by a man of whom he could not en-
 ‘ tertain the least jealousy. O my dear Sophy, you
 ‘ are a woman of sense; if you marry a man, as is
 ‘ most probable you will, of less capacity than your-
 ‘ self, make frequent trials of his temper before mar-
 ‘ riage, and see whether he can bear to submit to
 ‘ such a superiority.—Promise me, Sophy, you will
 ‘ take this advice; for you will hereafter find its im-
 ‘ portance.’—‘ It is very likely I shall never marry
 ‘ at all,’ answered Sophia; ‘ I think, at least, I shall
 ‘ never marry a man in whose understanding I see
 ‘ any defects before marriage; and I promise you
 ‘ I would rather give up my own, than see any such
 ‘ afterwards.’—‘ Give up your understanding!’ re-
 ‘ plied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; ‘ Oh fie, child, I will not
 ‘ believe so meanly of you. Every thing else I might
 ‘ myself be brought to give up; but never this. Na-
 ‘ ture would not have allotted this superiority to the

‘ wife in so many instances, if she had intended we
‘ should all of us have surrendered it to the husband.
‘ This indeed men of sense never expect of us; of
‘ which the lieutenant I have just mentioned was one
‘ notable example; for though he had a very good
‘ understanding, he always acknowledged (as was
‘ really true) that his wife had a better. And this,
‘ perhaps, was one reason of the hatred my tyrant
‘ bore her.

‘ Before he would be so governed by a wife, he
‘ said, especially such an ugly b—— (for indeed she
‘ was not a regular beauty, but very agreeable and
‘ extremely genteel) he would see all the women
‘ upon earth at the devil, which was a very usual
‘ phrase with him. He said, he wondered what I
‘ could see in her to be so charmed with her com-
‘ pany; since this woman, says he, hath come among
‘ us, there is an end of your beloved reading, which
‘ you pretended to like so much, that you could not
‘ afford time to return the visits of the ladies in this
‘ country; and I must confess I had been guilty of
‘ a little rudeness this way; for the ladies there are
‘ at least no better than the mere country ladies here;
‘ and I think I need make no other excuse to you
‘ for declining any intimacy with them.

‘ This correspondence however continued a whole
‘ year, even all the while the lieutenant was quar-
‘ tered in that town: for which I was contented to
‘ pay the tax of being constantly abused in the man-
‘ ner above-mentioned by my husband; I mean when
‘ he was at home; for he was frequently absent a
‘ month at a time at Dublin, and once made a
‘ journey of two months to London; in all which
‘ journies I thought it a very singular happiness that
‘ he never once desired my company; nay, by his
‘ frequent censures on men who could not travel, as
‘ he phrased it, without a wife tied up to their tail,
‘ he sufficiently intimated that, had I been never so
‘ desirous of accompanying him, my wishes would
‘ have

‘ have been in vain ; but, Heaven knows, such wishes
‘ were very far from my thoughts.

‘ At length my friend was removed from me, and
‘ I was again left to my solitude, to the tormenting
‘ conversation with my own reflections, and to apply
‘ to books for my only comfort. I now read almost
‘ all day long.—How many books do you think I
‘ read in three months ?’—‘ I can’t guess, indeed,
‘ cousin,’ answered Sophia.—‘ Perhaps half a score.’
—‘ Half a score ! half a thousand, child,’ answered
‘ the other. ‘ I read a good deal in Daniel’s English
‘ History of France ; a great deal in Plutarch’s Lives ;
‘ the Atalantis, Pope’s Homer, Dryden’s Plays,
‘ Chillingworth, the Countess D’Anois, and Locke’s
‘ Human Understanding.

‘ During this interval, I wrote three very suppli-
‘ cating, and, I thought, moving letters to my aunt ;
‘ but as I received no answer to any of them, my
‘ disdain would not suffer me to continue my appli-
‘ cation.’—Here she stopt, and looking earnestly at
Sophia, said, ‘ Methinks, my dear, I read some-
‘ thing in your eyes which reproaches me of a neglect
‘ in another place, where I should have met with a
‘ kinder return.’—‘ Indeed, dear Harriet,’ answered
Sophia, ‘ your story is an apology for any neglect ;
‘ but indeed I feel that I have been guilty of a re-
‘ missness, without so good an excuse—Yet pray
‘ proceed ; for I long, though I tremble, to hear
‘ the end.’

Thus then Mrs. Fitzpatrick resumed her narrative.
‘ My husband now took a second journey to England,
‘ where he continued upwards of three months.
‘ During the greater part of this time, I led a life
‘ which nothing but having led a worse, could make
‘ me think tolerable ; for perfect solitude can never
‘ be reconciled to a social mind, like mine, but when
‘ it relieves you from the company of those you hate.
‘ What added to my wretchedness, was the loss of
‘ my little infant ; not that I pretend to have had for

• it that extravagant tenderness of which I believe I
• might have been capable under other circumstances;
• but I resolved, in every instance, to discharge the
• duty of the tenderest mother; and this care prevented
• me from feeling the weight of that heaviest of
• all things, when it can be at all said to lie heavy on
• our hands.

• I had spent full ten weeks almost entirely by
• myself, having seen no body all that time, except
• my servants, and a very few visitors, when a young
• lady, a relation to my husband, came from a distant
• part of Ireland to visit me. She had staid once
• before a week at my house, and I then gave her a
• pressing invitation to return; for she was a very
• agreeable woman, and had improved good-natural
• parts by a proper education. Indeed she was to
• me a most welcome guest.

• A few days after her arrival, perceiving me in
• very low spirits, without enquiring the cause, which
• indeed she very well knew, the young lady fell to
• compassionating my case. She said, "Though
• politeness had prevented me from complaining
• of my husband's behaviour to his relations, yet
• they all were very sensible of it, and felt great
• concern upon that account; but none more than
• herself:" And after some more general discourse on
• this head, which I own I could not forbear countenancing,
• at last, after much previous precaution
• and enjoined concealment, she communicated to
• me, as a profound secret—that my husband kept a
• mistress.

• You will certainly imagine, I heard this news
• with the utmost insensibility.—Upon my word, if
• you do, your imagination will mislead you. Contempt
• had not so kept down my anger to my husband,
• but that hatred rose again on this occasion.
• What can be the reason of this? Are we so abominably
• selfish, that we can be concerned at others
• having possession even of what we despise? Or are

'we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the
'greatest injury done to your vanity? What think
'you, Sophia?'

'I don't know, indeed,' answered Sophia, 'I
'have never troubled myself with any of these deep
'contemplations; but I think the lady did very ill
'in communicating to you such a secret.'

'And yet, my dear, this conduct is natural,' re-
plied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; 'and when you have seen
'and read as much as myself, you will acknowledge
'it to be so.'

'I am sorry to hear it is natural,' returned So-
phie; 'for I want neither reading nor experience to
'convince me, that it is very dishonourable and very
'ill-natured: nay, it is surely as ill bred to tell a
'husband or wife of the faults of each other, as to
'tell them of their own.'

'Well,' continued Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'my hus-
'band at last returned; and if I am thoroughly ac-
'quainted with my own thoughts, I hated him now
'more than ever; but I despised him rather less:
'For certainly nothing so much weakens our
'contempt, as an injury done to our pride or our
'vanity.'

'He now assumed a carriage to me, so very diffe-
'rent from what he had lately worn, and so nearly
'resembling his behaviour the first week of our mar-
'riage, that had I now had any spark of love re-
'maining, he might, possibly, have rekindled my
'fondness for him. But though hatred may succeed
'to contempt, and may, perhaps, get the better of
'it, love, I believe, cannot. The truth is, the pas-
'sion of love is too restless to remain contented,
'without the gratification which it receives from its
'object; and one can no more be inclined to love
'without loving, than we can have eyes without see-
'ing. When a husband, therefore, ceases to be the
'object of this passion, it is most probable some
'other man—I say, my dear, if your husband grows

• indifferent to you—if you once come to despise
 • him—I say,—that is,—if you have the passion of
 • love in you—Lud ! I have bewildered myself so,
 • —but one is apt, in these abstracted considerations,
 • to lose the concatenation of ideas, as Mr. Locke
 • says.—In short, the truth is— In short, I scarce
 • know what it is ; but, as I was saying, my hus-
 • band returned, and his behaviour, at first, greatly
 • surprized me ; but he soon acquainted me with the
 • motive, and taught me to account for it. In a
 • word then, he had spent and lost all the ready mo-
 • ney of my fortune ; and as he could mortgage his
 • own estate no deeper, he was now desirous to sup-
 • ply himself with cash for his extravagance, by sell-
 • ing a little estate of mine, which he could not do
 • without my assistance ; and to obtain this favour
 • was the whole and sole motive of all the fondness
 • which he now put on.

• With this I peremptorily refused to comply. I
 • told him, and I told him truly, that had I been
 • possessed of the Indies at our first marriage, he
 • might have commanded it all : for it had been a
 • constant maxim with me, that where a woman
 • disposes of her heart, she should always deposite
 • her fortune ; but as he had been so kind, long
 • ago, to restore the former into my possession, I
 • was resolv'd likewise to retain what little remained
 • of the latter.

• I will not describe to you the passion into which
 • these words, and the resolute air in which they were
 • spoken, threw him : nor will I trouble you with
 • the whole scene which succeeded between us. Out
 • came, you may be well assured, the story of the
 • mistress ; and out it did come, with all the embel-
 • lishments which anger and disdain could bestow
 • upon it.

• Mr. Fitzpatrick seemed a little thunderstruck with
 • this, and more confused than I had seen him ; tho'
 • his ideas are always confused enough, heaven knows.

• He

He did not, however, endeavour to exculpate himself; but took a method which almost equally confounded me. What was this but recrimination! he affected to be jealous!—he may, for ought I know, be inclined enough to jealousy in his natural temper: nay, he must have had it from nature, or the devil must have put it into his head; for I defy all the world to cast a just aspersions on my character: nay, the most scandalous tongues have never dared to censure my reputation. My fame, I thank heaven, hath been always as spotless as my life; and let falsehood itself accuse that, if it dare. No, my dear Graveairs, however provoked, however ill treated, however injured in my love, I have firmly resolved never to give the least room for censure on this account.—And yet, my dear, there are some people so malicious, some tongues so venomous, that no innocence can escape them. The most undesigned word, the most accidental look, the least familiarity, the most innocent freedom, will be misconstrued, and magnified into I know not what, by some people. But I despise, my dear Graveairs, I despise all such slander. No such malice, I assure you, ever gave me an uneasy moment. No, no, I promise you I am above all that—but where was I? O let me see, I told you my husband was jealous—And of whom, pray?—Why of whom but the lieutenant I mentioned to you before? He was obliged to resort above a year and more back, to find any object for this unaccountable passion, if indeed he really felt any such, and was not an arrant counterfeiter, in order to abuse me.

But I have tired you already with too many particulars. I will now bring my story to a very speedy conclusion. In short then, after many scenes very unworthy to be repeated, in which my cousin engaged so heartily on my side, that Mr. Fitzpatrick at last turned her out of doors; when he found I was neither to be soothed nor bullied into compliance,

' he took a very violent method indeed. Perhaps
 ' you will conclude he beat me ; but this, tho' he hath
 ' approached very near to it, he never actually did.
 ' He confined me to my room, without suffering me
 ' to have either pen, ink, paper or book ; and a servant
 ' every day made my bed, and brought me my food.
 ' When I had remained a week under this impri-
 ' sonment, he made a visit, and, with the voice of a
 ' schoolmaster, or, what is often much the same, of
 ' a tyrant, asked me, " if I would yet comply ? " I
 answered very stoutly, " That I would die first."
 " Then so you shall, and be d——n'd," cries he ;
 " for you shall never go alive out of this room."

' Here I remained a fortnight longer ; and, to say
 ' the truth, my constancy was almost subdued, and I
 ' began to think of submission ; when one day in the
 ' absence of my husband, who was gone abroad for
 ' some short time, by the greatest good fortune in the
 ' world, an accident happened — I — at a time when
 ' I began to give way to the utmost despair — every
 ' thing would be excusable at such a time — at that
 ' very time I received — but it would take up an hour
 ' to tell you all particulars. — In one word, then, (for
 ' I will not tire you with circumstances) gold, the
 ' common key to all padlocks, opened my door and
 ' set me at liberty.

' I now made haste to Dublin, where I immediately
 ' procured a passage to England : and was proceeding
 ' to Bath, in order to throw myself into the protecti-
 ' on of my aunt, or of your father, or of any relation
 ' who would afford it me. My husband overtook
 ' me last night at the inn where I lay, and which you
 ' left a few minutes before me ; but I had the good
 ' luck to escape him, and to follow you.

' And thus, my dear, ends my history ; a tragical
 ' one, I am sure, it is to myself ; but, perhaps, I
 ' ought rather to apologize to you for its dullness.'

Sophia heaved a deep sigh, and answered, ' indeed
 ' Harriet, I pity you from my soul ! — but what
 ' could

‘ could you expect ? why, why, would you marry an Irishman ?’

‘ Upon my word,’ replied her cousin, ‘ your censure is unjust. There are, among the Irish, men of as much worth and honour, as any among the English, nay, to speak the truth, generosity of spirit is rather more common among them. I have known some examples there too of good husbands ; and, I believe, these are not very plenty in England. Ask me, rather, what I could expect when I married a fool ? and I will tell you a solemn truth ; I did not know him to be so.’—‘ Can no man,’ said Sophia, in a very low and alter’d voice, ‘ do you think, make a bad husband, who is not a fool ?’ ‘ That,’ answered the other, ‘ is too general a negative ; but none, I believe, is so likely as a fool to prove so. Among my acquaintance, the filliciest fellows are the worst husbands ; and I will venture to assert, as a fact, that a man of sense rarely behaves very ill to a wife, who deserves very well.’

C H A P. VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Sophia now, at the desire of her cousin, related—not what follows, but what hath gone before in this history : for which reason the reader will, I suppose, excuse me, for not repeating it over again.

One remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no such person alive. This I will never endeavour to account for nor to excuse. Indeed if this may be called a kind of dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable, from the apparent openness and explicit sincerity of the other lady.—But so it was.

Just as Sophia arrived at the conclusion of her story, there arrived in the room where the two ladies were sitting,

sitting, a noise, not unlike, in loudness, to that of a pack of hounds just let out from their kennel; nor, in shrillness, to cats when caterwauling; or to screech-owls; or indeed more like (for what animal can resemble a human voice) to those sounds which, in the pleasant mansions of that gate, which seems to derive its name from a duplicity of tongues, issue from the mouths, and sometimes from the nostrils of those fair river nymphs, ycleped of old the Naiades; in the vulgar tongue translated oyster-wench: for when, instead of the antient libations of milk and honey and oil, the rich distillation from the juniper-berry, or perhaps, from malt, hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, should any daring tongue with unhallowed license prophane, i. e. depreciate, the delicate fat Milton oyster, the plaice sound and firm, the flounder as much alive as when in the water, the shrimp as big as a prawn, the fine cod alive but a few hours ago, or any other of the various treasures which those water-deities who fish the sea and rivers, have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Naiades lift up their immortal voices, and the prophane wretch is struck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noise which now burst from one of the rooms below; and soon the thunder, which long had rattled at a distance, began to approach nearer and nearer, 'till having ascended by degrees up stairs, it at last entered the apartment where the ladies were. In short, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs. Honour having scolded violently below stairs, and continued the same all the way up, came in to her mistress in a most outrageous passion, crying out, ' what doth
' your ladyship think? would you imagine that this
' impudent villian, the master of this house, hath had
' the impudence to tell me, nay, to stand it out to my
' face, that your ladyship is that nasty, stinking wh—re
(Jenny Cameron they call her) that runs about the
country with the pretender! nay, the lying saucy
' vil-

‘villian had the assurance to tell me, that your ladyship had owned yourself to be so ; but I have clawed the rascal ; I have left the marks of my nails in his impudent face. My Lady !’ says I ‘ you saucy scoundrel : my lady is no meat for pretenders. She is a young lady of as good fashion, and family, and fortune, as any in Somersetshire. Did you never hear of the great Squire Western, sirrah ! she is only daughter ; she is,——and heiress to all his great estate. My Lady to be called a nasty Scotch whore by such a varlet—to be sure, I wish I had knocked his brains out with the punch bowl.’

The principal uneasiness with which Sophia was affected on this occasion, Honour had herself caused, by having in her passion discovered who she was. However, as this mistake of the landlord sufficiently accounted for those passages which Sophia had before mistaken, she acquired some ease on that account ; nor could she forbear smiling. This enraged Honour ; and she cried, ‘ indeed, madam, I did not think your ladyship would have made a laughing matter of it. To be called a whore by such an impudent low rascal. Your ladyship may be angry with me, for ought I know, for taking your part, since proffered service, they say, stinks ; but to be sure I could never bear to hear a lady of mine called whore.—Nor will I bear it. I am sure your ladyship is as virtuous a lady as ever sat foot on English ground ; and I will claw any villian’s eyes out who dares for to offer to presume for to say the least word to the contrary. No body ever could say the least ill of the character of any lady that ever I waited upon.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ ; in plain truth, Honour had as much love for her mistress as most servants have ; that is to say—but besides this, her pride obliged her to support the character of the lady she waited on ; for she thought her own was in a very close manner connected with it. In proportion as the character of her mistress was raised, hers likewise, as she conceived,

was

was raised with it; and, on the contrary, she thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this subject, reader, I must stop a moment to tell thee a story. 'The famous Nell Gwynn, stepping one day from a house where she had made a short visit in her coach, saw a great mob assembled, and her footman all bloody and dirty; the fellow, being asked by his mistress the reason of his being in that condition, answered, 'I have been fighting, madam with an impudent rascal who called your ladyship whore.' 'You blockhead, replied Mrs. Gwynn, at this rate you must fight every day of your life; why you fool, all the world knows it.' 'Do they!' cries the fellow, in a muttering voice, after he had shut the coach-door, 'they shan't call me a whore's footman for all that.'

Thus the passion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwise accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cause of her anger; for which we must beg leave to remind our reader of a circumstance mentioned in the above simile. There are indeed certain liquors, which, being applied to our passions, or to fire, produce effects the very reverse of those produced by water, as they serve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguish. Among these, the generous liquor called punch is one. It was not therefore without reason that the learned Dr. Cheney used to call drinking punch pouring liquid fire down your throat.

Now Mrs. Honour had unluckily poured so much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the smother of it began to ascend into her pericranium, and blinded the eyes of reason, which is there supposed to keep her residence. while the fire itself from the stomach easily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble passion of pride. So that upon the whole we shall cease to wonder at the violent rage of the waiting-woman; though at first sight we must confess the cause seems inadequate to the effect.

Sophia

Sophia, and her cousin both, did all in their power to extinguish these flames which had roared so loudly all over the house. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one step farther, the fire having consumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at last went out of its own accord.

But though tranquillity was restored above stairs, it was not so below; where my landlady highly resented the injury done to the beauty of her husband, by the flesh-spades of Mrs. Honour, called aloud for revenge and justice. As to the poor man who had principally suffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he lost might have cooled his anger: for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewise her fist to his nostrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add reflections on his mistake; but indeed nothing so effectually silenced his resentment, as the manner in which he now discovered his error; for as to the behaviour of Mrs. Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion: but he was now assured by a person of great figure, and who was attended by a great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman of fashion, and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this person the landlord now ascended, and acquainted our fair travellers, that a great gentleman below desired to do them the honour of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale, and trembled at this message, though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the landlord's blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a justice of peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight circumstance, without examining the evidence on both sides.

To ease the reader's curiosity, therefore, rather than his apprehensions, we proceed to inform him, that

that an Irish peer had arrived very late that evening at ~~the~~ inn in his way to London. This nobleman having sallied from his supper at the hurricane before commemorated, had seen the attendant of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and, upon a short enquiry, was informed, that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no sooner received, than he addrest himself to the landlord, pacified him, and sent him up stairs, with compliments rather civiler than those which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the waiting-woman herself was not the messenger employed on this occasion; but we are sorry to say, she was not at present qualified for that, or indeed for any other office. The rum (for so the landlord chose to call the distillation from malt) had basely taken the advantage of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they were very unable to resist the attack.

We shall not describe this tragical scene too fully; but we thought ourselves obliged, by that historic integrity which we profess, shortly to hint a matter which we would otherwise have been glad to have spared. Many historians indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to say no worse, often leave the reader to find out these little circumstances in the dark, and sometimes to his great confusion and perplexity.

Sophia was very soon eased of her causeless fright by the entry of the noble peer, who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but in reality a very particular friend of that lady. To say truth, it was by his assistance that she had been enabled to escape from her husband; for this nobleman had the same gallant disposition with those renowned knights, of whom we read in heroic story, and had delivered many an imprisoned nymph from durance.

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He was indeed as bitter an enemy to the savage authority too often exercised by husbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other sex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters : nay, to say truth, I have often suspected that those very enchanters with which romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the husbands of those days ; and matrimony itself was perhaps the enchanted castle in which the nymphs were said to be confined.

This nobleman had an estate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for some time acquainted with the lady. No sooner therefore did he hear of her confinement, than he earnestly applied himself to procure her liberty ; which he presently effected, not by storming the castle, according to the example of antient heroes ; but by corrupting the governor, in conformity with the modern art of war ; in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irresistible than either lead or steel.

This circumstance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart it to the reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a supposition, that she had found, or coined, or by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural means, had possessed herself of the money with which she had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative by giving a hint of what seemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

The peer, after a short conversation, could not forbear expressing some surprize at meeting the lady in that place ; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined she had been gone to Bath.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick very freely answered, ' That she had been prevented in her purpose by the arrival of a person she need not mention. In short,' says she, ' I was overtaken by my husband (for I need
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‘not affect to conceal what the world knows too well already). I had the good fortune to escape in a most surprizing manner, and am now going to London with this young lady, who is a near relation of mine, and who had escaped from as great a tyrant as my own.’

His lordship concluding that this tyrant was likewise a husband, made a speech full of compliments to both the ladies, and as full of invectives against his own sex; nor indeed did he avoid some oblique glances at the matrimonial institution itself, and at the unjust powers given by it to man over the more sensible, and more meritorious part of the species. He ended his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his coach and six, which was instantly accepted by Mrs Fitzpatrick, and at last, upon her persuasions, by Sophia.

Matters being thus adjusted, his Lordship took his leave, and the ladies retired to rest, where Mrs. Fitzpatrick entertained her cousin with many high encomiums on the character of the noble peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great fondness for his wife; saying, she believed he was almost the only person of high rank, who was entirely constant to the marriage-bed, ‘Indeed,’ added she, ‘my dear Sophy, that is a very rare virtue among men of condition. Never expect it when you marry; for, believe me, if you do, you will certainly be deceived.’

A gentle sigh stole from Sophia at these words, which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very pleasant kind; but as she never revealed this dream to any one, so the reader cannot expect to see it related here.

C H A P. IX.

The morning introduced in some pretty writing. A stage-coach. The civility of chambermaids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generosity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with some remarks for the use of travellers.

THOSE members of the society, who are born to furnish the blessings of life, now began to light their candles, in order to pursue their daily labours, for the use of those who are born to enjoy these blessings. The sturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow-labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanic, spring from their hard mattresses; and now the bonny housemaid begins to repair the disordered drum-room, while the riotous authors of that disorder, in broken interrupted slumbers, tumble and toss, as if the hardness of down disquieted their repose.

In simple phrase, the clock had no sooner struck seven, than the ladies were ready for their journey; and, at their desire, his lordship and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a matter of some difficulty arose; and this was, how his lordship himself should be conveyed; for though in stage-coaches, where passengers are properly considered as so much luggage, the ingenious coachman stows half a dozen with perfect ease into the place of four; for well he contrives that the fat hostess, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the slim mi's, or taper master; it being the nature of guts, when well-squeezed, to give way, and to lie in a narrow compass; yet in these vehicles which are called, for distinction-sake, gentlemen's coaches, though they are often larger than the others, this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordship would have put a short end to the difficulty, by very gallantly desiring to mount his horse;

horse; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to it. It was therefore concluded that the Abigails should by turns relieve each other on one of his lordship's horses, which was presently equipped with a side-saddle for that purpose.

Every thing being settled at the inn, the ladies discharged their former guides, and Sophia made a present to the landlord, partly to repair the bruise which he had received under herself, and partly on account of what he had suffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia first discovered a loss which gave her some uneasiness; and this was of the hundred pound bank-bill which her father had given her at their last meeting; and which, within a very inconsiderable trifle, was all the treasure she was at present worth. She searched every where, and shook and tumbled all her things to no purpose; the bill was not to be found: and she was at last fully persuaded that she had lost it from her pocket, when she had the misfortune of tumbling from her horse in the dark lane, as before recorded: a fact that seemed the more probable, as she now recollected some discomposure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which she had drawn forth her handkerchief the very instant before her fall, in order to relieve the distress of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of subduing a mind in which there is any strength, without the assistance of avarice. Sophia, therefore, though nothing could be worse timed than this accident, at such a season, immediately got the better of her concern, and with her wonted serenity and cheerfulness of countenance, returned to her company. His lordship conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did likewise Mrs. Honour, who, after many civilities, and more dear madams, at last yielded to the well-bred importunities of her sister Abigail, and submit-

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ted to be complimented with the first ride in the coach; in which indeed she would afterwards have been contented to have pursued her whole journey, had not her mistress, after several fruitless intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horse-back.

The coach now, having received its company, began to move forwards, attended by many servants, and by two led-captains, who had before rode with his lordship, and who would have been dismissed from the vehicle upon a much less worthy occasion, than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condescended lower, for the honour of his lordship's company, and for the convenience of his table.

My landlord was so pleased with the present he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his bruise, or his scratches. The reader will perhaps be curious to know the *quantum* of this present; but we cannot satisfy his curiosity. Whatever it was, it satisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money: 'For, to be sure,' says he, 'one might have charged every article double, and she would have made no cavil at the reckoning.'

His wife, however, was far from drawing this conclusion; whether she really felt any injury done to her husband more than he did himself, I will not say; certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the generosity of Sophia. 'Indeed,' cries she, 'my dear, the lady knows better how to dispose of her money than you imagine. She might very well think we should not put up such a business without some satisfaction, and the law would have cost her an infinite deal more than this poor little matter, which I wonder you would take.' 'You are always so
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‘bloodily wife,’ quoth the husband: ‘It would have cost her more, would it? Dost fancy I don’t know that as well as thee? But would any of that more, or so much, have come into our pockets? Indeed, if son Tom the lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad to have put such a pretty business into his hands. He would have got a good picking out of it; but I have no relation now who is a lawyer, and why should I go to law for the benefit of strangers?’ ‘Nay, to be sure,’ answered she, ‘you must know best.’ ‘I believe I do,’ replied he. ‘I fancy when money is to be got, I can smell it out as well as another. Every body, let me tell you, would not have talked people out of this. Mind that, I say; every body would not have cajoled this out of her, mind that.’ The wife then joined in the applause of her husband’s sagacity; and thus ended the short dialogue between them on this occasion.

III We will therefore take our leave of these good people, and attend his lordship and his fair companions, who made such good expedition, that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the second evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure upon the road worthy the dignity of this history to relate. Our pen, therefore, shall imitate the expedition which it describes, and our history shall keep pace with the travellers who are its subject. Good writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this instance, who always proportions his stay at any place, to the beauties, elegancies, and curiosities which it affords. At Eshur, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Eastbury, and at Prior’s Park, days are too short for the ravished imagination; while we admire the wondrous power of art in improving nature. In some of these, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applause; but in the last, the former seems to triumph. Here nature appears

pears in her richest attire, and art dressed with the modest simplicity attends its benignant mistress. Here nature indeed pours forth the choicest treasures which she hath lavished on this world; and here human nature presents you with an object which can only be exceeded in the other.

The same taste, the same imagination, which luxurious riots in these elegant scenes, can be amused with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lands of Devon and of Dorset, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy heath of Bagshot, or that pleasant plain which extends itself westward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one single tree only in sixteen miles presents itself to the view, unless the clouds, in compassion to our tired spirits, kindly open their variegated mansions to our prospect.

Not so travels the money-meditating tradesman, the sagacious justice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dullness. On they jogg, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horses measuring four miles and an half *per* hour with the utmost exactness; the eyes of the beast and of his master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same objects in the same manner. With equal rapture, the good rider surveys the proudest boasts of the architect, and those fair buildings, with which some unknown name hath adorned the rich cloathing-town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to shew that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haste to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy sagacity to apply all this to the Boeotian writers, and to those authors who are their opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Bestir thyself, therefore,

therefore, on this occasion; for though we will always lend the proper assistance in difficult places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the arts of divination to discover our meaning; yet we shall not indulge thy laziness where nothing but thy own attention is required; for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine that we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy sagacity nothing to do; or that, without sometimes exercising this talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our page with any pleasure or profit to thyself.

C H A P. X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning suspicion.

OUR company being arrived at London, were set down at his lordship's house, where, while they refreshed themselves after the fatigue of their journey, servants were dispatched to provide a lodging for the two ladies; for as her ladyship was not then in town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to accept a bed in the mansion of the peer.

Some readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary delicacy as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and scrupulous; but we must make allowances for her situation, which must be owned to have been very ticklish; and when we consider the malice of censorious tongues, we must allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an excess on the right side, and which every woman who is in the self same situation will do well to imitate. The most formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may, perhaps, in very abstracted considerations, seem to be rather less commendable than virtue itself without this formality; but it will, however, be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is necessary, unless in some very

very particular cases, for every woman to support either the one or the other.

A lodging being prepared, Sophia accompanied her cousin for that evening ; but resolved early in the morning to enquire after the lady, into whose protection, as we have formerly mentioned, she had determined to throw herself, when she quitted her father's house. And this she was the more eager in doing, from some observations she had made during her journey in the coach.

Now as we would by no means fix the odious character of suspicion on Sophia, we are almost afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs. Fitzpatrick ; of whom she certainly entertained at present some doubts ; which, as they are very apt to enter into the bosoms of the worst of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have first suggested a word or two to our reader touching suspicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The first of these I chuse to derive from the heart ; as the extreme velocity of its discernment seems to denote some previous inward impulse, and the rather, as this superlative degree often forms its own objects ; sees what is not, and always more than really exists. This is that quick-sighted penetration, whose hawk's eyes no symptom of evil can escape ; which observes not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks of men ; and as it proceeds from the heart of the observer, so it dives into the heart of the observed, and there espies evil, as it were, in the first embryo ; nay sometimes before it can be said to be conceived. An admirable faculty, if it were infallible ; but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being ; so from the fallibility of such acute discernment have arisen many sad mischiefs and most grievous heart-achs to innocence and virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vast quick-sightedness

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into evil, as a vicious excess, and as a very pernicious evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reasons I have above mentioned, and for one more, namely, because I never knew it the property of a good one. Now, from this degree of suspicion I entirely and absolutely acquit Sophia.

A second degree of this quality seems to arise from the head. This is indeed no other than the faculty of seeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavoidable by those who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a consequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt, as the former is to innocence; nor can I see it in an unamiable light, even though, through human fallibility, it should be sometimes mistaken. For instance, if a husband should accidentally surprize his wife in the lap or in the embraces of some of those pretty young gentlemen who profess the art of cuckold-making, I should not highly, I think, blame him for concluding something more than what he saw, from the familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to, when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will easily suggest great plenty of instances to himself; I shall add but one more, which, however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable; and this is a suspicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is possible for one who hath been a villain once, to act the same part again. And to confess the truth, of this degree of suspicion I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of suspicion she had, in fact, conceived an opinion, that her cousin was really not better than she should be,

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The case, it seems, was this : Mrs. Fitzpatrick wisely considered, that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the same situation with a poor hare, who is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its enemies : for it can hardly meet any other. No sooner therefore was she determined to take the first opportunity of quitting the protection of her husband, than she resolved to cast herself under the protection of some other man ; and whom could she so properly chuse to be her guardian as a person of quality, of fortune, of honour ; and who, besides a gallant disposition which inclines men to knight-errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in distress, had often declared a violent attachment to herself, and had already given her all the instances of it in his power.

But as the law hath foolishly omitted this office of vice-husband, or guardian to an eloped lady ; and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more disagreeable appellation ; it was concluded that his lordship should perform all such kind offices to the lady in secret, and without publickly assuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other person from seeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady should proceed directly to Bath, and that his lordship should first go to London, and thence should go down to that place by the advice of his physicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly understood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely less expert at retaining a secret, than was the good lady ; and perhaps the exact secrecy which Mrs. Fitzpatrick had observed on this head in her narrative, served not a little to heighten those suspicions which were now risen in the mind of her cousin.

¶ Sophia very easily found out the lady she sought ; for indeed there was not a chairman in town to whom her house was not perfectly well known ; and as she

received, in return of her first message, a most pressing invitation, she immediately accepted it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick indeed did not desire her cousin to stay with her with more earnestness than civility required. Whether she had discerned and resented the suspicion above mentioned, or from what other motive it arose, I cannot say; but certain it is, she was full as desirous of parting with Sophia, as Sophia herself could be of going.

The young lady, when she came to take leave of her cousin, could not avoid giving her a short hint of advice. She begged her, for heaven's sake, to take care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a situation she stood; adding, she hoped some method would be found of reconciling her to her husband. 'You must remember, my dear,' says she, 'the maxim which my aunt Western hath so often repeated to us both: "That whenever the matrimonial alliance is broke, and war declared between husband and wife, she can hardly make a disadvantageous peace for herself on any conditions." These are my aunt's very words, and she hath had a great deal of experience in the world.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered, with a contemptuous smile, 'Never fear me, child, take care of yourself; for you are younger than me. I will come and visit you in a few days; but, dear Sophy, let me give you one piece of advice. Leave the character of Graveairs in the country, for, believe me, it will sit very awkwardly upon you in this town.'

Thus the two cousins parted, and Sophia repaired directly to lady Bellauston, where she found a most hearty, as well as a most polite welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when she had seen her formerly with her aunt Western. She was indeed extremely glad to see her, and was no sooner acquainted with the reasons which induced her to leave the Squire and fly to London, than she highly applauded her sense and resolution; and after expressing

the highest satisfaction in the opinion which Sophia had declared she entertained of her ladyship, by chusing her house for an asylum, she promised her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into safe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to deposit her there a while, and to look a little after other personages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his past offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought sufficient punishment upon him themselves.

B O O K XII.

Containing the same individual time with the former.

C H A P. I.

Shewing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a modern author, and what is to be considered as lawful prize.

THE learned reader must have observed, that in the course of this mighty work, I have often translated passages out of the best ancient authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the least notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbe Bannier, in his preface to his Mythology, a work of great erudition, and of equal judgment. "It will be easy," says he, "for the reader to observe, that I have frequently had greater regard to him, than to my own reputation: for an author certainly pays him a considerable compliment, when, for his sake, he suppresses learned quotations that come in his way,

“ and which would have cost him but the bare trouble of translating.”

To fill up a work with these scraps may indeed be considered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by such means imposed upon to buy a second time in fragments and by retail what they have already in gross, if not in their memories, upon their shelves ; and it is still more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of use to them. A writer who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the same paltry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour so to confound and mix up their lots, that in order to purchase the commodity you want, you are obliged at the same time to purchase that which will do you no service.

And yet, as there is no conduct so fair and disinterested, but that it may be misunderstood by ignorance, and misrepresented by malice, I have been sometimes tempted to preserve my own reputation, at the expence of my reader, and to transcribe the original, or at least to quote chapter and verse, whenever I have made use either of the thought or expression of another. I am indeed in some doubt that I have often suffered by the contrary method ; and that by suppressing the original author's name, I have been rather suspected of plagiarism, than reputed to act from the amiable motive above assigned by that justly celebrated Frenchman.

Now to obviate all such imputations for the future, I do here confess and justify the fact. The ancients may be considered as a rich common, where every person who hath the smallest tenement in Parnassus, hath a free right to fatten his muse. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we moderns are to the ancients what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here I mean, that large and venerable body, which in English we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour

honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, must well know, that it is one of their established maxims to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither sin nor crime among them. And so constantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that in every parish almost in the kingdom there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on against a certain person of opulence called the Squire, whose property is considered as free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in such depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligations to conceal, and to preserve each other from punishment on all such occasions.

In like manner are the antients, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest, to be esteemed among us writers, as so many wealthy Squires, from whom we, the poor of Parnassus, claim an immemorial custom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profess, and all I require from my brethren, is to maintain the same strict honesty among ourselves, which the mob shew to one another. To steal from one another is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be strictly stiled defrauding the poor (sometimes, perhaps, those who are poorer than ourselves) or to set it under the most opprobrious colours, robbing the spittal.

Since, therefore, upon the strictest examination, my own conscience cannot lay any such pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accusation; nor shall I ever scruple to take to myself any passage which I shall find in an antient author to my purpose, without setting down the name of the author from whence it was taken. Nay, I absolutely claim a property in all such sentiments the moment they are transcribed into my writings,

and I expect all readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim, however, I desire to be allowed me only on condition, that I preserve strict honesty towards my poor brethren, from whom if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are possessed, I shall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be restored to the right owner.

The omission of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who, having formerly borrowed some lines of Pope and company, took the liberty to transcribe six of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope however very luckily found them in the said play, and laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back again into his own works; and for a further punishment, imprisoned the said Moore in the loathsome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper punishment for such his unjust dealings in the poetical trade.

CHAP. II.

In which, though the Squire doth not find his daughter, something is found which puts an end to his pursuit.

THE history now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we shall first trace the footsteps of Squire Western; for as we will soon arrive at the end of his journey, we shall have then full leisure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that the said Squire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he pursued his daughter. The hostler having informed him that she crossed the Severn, he likewise passed that river with his equipage, and rode full speed, vowing the utmost vengeance against poor Sophia, if he should but overtake her.

He had not gone far before he arrived at a cross-way. Here he called a short council of way, in which,

which, after hearing different opinions, he at last gave the direction of his pursuit to fortune, and struck directly into the Worcester road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himself most bitterly, frequently crying out, 'What pity is it! Sure never was so unlucky a dog as myself!' and then burst forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parson attempted to administer comfort to him on this occasion. 'Sorrow not, Sir,' says he, 'like those without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been able to overtake young Madam, we may account it some good fortune, that we have hitherto traced her course aright. Peradventure she will soon be fatigated with her journey, and will tarry in some inn, in order to renovate her corporeal functions; and in that case, in all moral certainty, you will very briefly be *compos voti*.'

'Pooh! D—n the slut,' answered the Squire, 'I am lamenting the loss of so fine a morning for hunting. It is confounded hard to lose one of the best scenting days, in all appearance, which hath been this season, and especially after so long a frost.'

Whether fortune, who now and then shews some compassions in her wantonest tricks, might not take pity of the Squire; and as she had determined not to let him overtake his daughter, might not resolve to make him amends some other way, I will not assert; but he had hardly uttered the words just before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a small distance from them, which the Squire's horse and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the Squire crying, 'She's gone, she's gone! Damn me, if she is not gone!' instantly clapped spurs to the beast who little needed it, having indeed the same inclination with his master. And now the whole company cross-

sing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallowing and hooping, while the poor parson, blessing himself, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports, that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the desire of a passionate lover, converted from a cat into a fine woman, no sooner perceived a mouse, than, mindful of her former sport, and still retaining her pristine nature, she leaped from the bed of her husband to pursue the little animal.

What are we to understand by this? Not that the bride was displeased with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom: for though some have remarked that cats are subject to ingratitude; yet women and cats too will be pleased and purr on certain occasions. The truth is, as the sagacious Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, in his deep reflections, that 'if we shut nature out at the door, she will come in at the window; and that puss, though a Madam, will be a mouser still.' In the same manner, we are not to arraign the Squire of any want of love for his daughter, for in reality he had a great deal: we are only to consider that he was a Squire and a sportsman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewise.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the Squire pursued over hedge and ditch, with all his usual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his usual pleasure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themselves to allay the satisfaction he enjoyed in the chace, which he said, was one of the finest he ever saw, and which he swore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the Squire forgot his daughter, the servants, we may easily believe, forgot their mistress; and the parson, after having expressed much astonishment in Latin to himself, at length likewise abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and jogging on at a distance behind, began

began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the ensuing Sunday.

The Squire who owned the hounds was highly pleased with the arrival of his brother Squire and sportsman; for all men approve merit in their own way; and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Western, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportsmen, in the warmth of a chace, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony; nay, even to the offices of humanity: for if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch or into a river, the rest pass on regardless, and generally leave him to his fate. During this time therefore, the two Squires, though often close to each other, interchanged not a single word. The master of the hunt, however, often saw and approved the great judgment of the stranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, as the number of his attendants inspired no small reverence to his quality. As soon therefore as the sport was ended, by the death of the little animal which had occasioned it, the two Squires met, and in all Squire-like greeting, saluted each other.

The conversation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on some other occasion; but as it no wise concerns this history, we cannot prevail on ourselves to give it a place here. It concluded with a second chace, and that with an invitation to dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of Squire Western.

Our Squire was by no means a match, either for his host or for parson Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the least derogation from his honour. He was
indeed

indeed, according to the vulgar phrase, whiffled-drunk; for before he had swallowed the third bottle, he became so entirely overpowered, that, tho' he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parson considered him as absent; and having acquainted the other Squire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promise of seconding those arguments which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Western's return.

No sooner therefore had the good Squire shaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught and to summon his horses in order to renew his pursuit, than Mr. Supple began his dissuaves, which the host so strongly seconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. Western agreed to return home; being principally moved by one argument, viz. That he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter, instead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother sportman, and expressing great joy that the frost was broken (which might perhaps be no small motive to his hastening home) set forwards or rather backwards, for Somersetshire; but not before he had first dispatched part of his retinue in quest of his daughter, after whom he likewise sent a volley of the most bitter execrations which he could invent.

C H A P. III.

The departure of Jones from Upton, with what passed between him and Partridge on the road.

AT length we are once more come to our hero and, to say truth, we have been obliged to part with him so long, that, considering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at present in that situation in which prudent people usually desist from enquiring any

any farther after their friends, lest they should be shocked by hearing such friends had hanged themselves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues I will boldly say, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and, though it is not easy to conceive circumstances much more miserable than those of poor Jones at present, we shall return to him, and attend upon him with the same diligence as if he was wantoning in the brightest beams of fortune.

Mr. Jones then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes after the departure of Squire Western, and pursued the same road on foot; for the hostler told them, that no horses were by any means to be at that time procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their disquiet proceeded from very different reasons, yet displeased they were both; and if Jones sighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as sadly at every step.

When they came to the cross-roads where the Squire had stopped to take counsel, Jones stopt likewise, and turning to Partridge, asked his opinion which tract they should pursue. 'Ah, Sir!' answered Partridge, 'I wish your honour would follow my advice.' 'Why should I not?' replied Jones; 'for it is now indifferent to me whether I go, or what becomes of me.' 'My advice then,' said Partridge, 'is that you immediately face about and return home: for who that hath such a home to return to, as your honour, would travel thus about the country like a vagabond? I ask pardon, *sed vox ea sola reperta est.*'

'Alas!' cries Jones, 'I have no home to return to;—but, if my friend, my father, would receive me, could I bear the country from which Sophia is flown—Cruel Sophia! Cruel! No. Let me blame myself—No, let me blame thee——D—nation seize thee, fool, blockhead! thou hast undone me, and I will tear thy soul from thy body.' At which words, he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge,

Partridge, and shook him more heartily than an ague-fit or his own fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm—when Jones, after staring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold, and discharged a rage on himself, that had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being, which indeed the very apprehension of it had almost effected.

We would bestow some pains here in minutely describing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occasion, could we be well assured that the reader would take the same pains in perusing them; but as we are apprehensive that after all the labour which we should employ in painting this scene, the said reader would be very apt to skip it entirely over, we have saved ourselves that trouble. To say the truth, we have, from this reason alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent descriptions out of our work, which would otherwise have been in it. And this suspicion, to be honest, arises, as is generally the case, from our own wicked heart; for we have, ourselves, been very often most horribly given to jumping, as we have run through the pages of voluminous historians.

Suffice it then simply to say, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came, by degrees, to himself; which no sooner happened, than, turning to Partridge, he very earnestly begged his pardon for the attack he made on him in the violence of his passion; but concluded, by desiring him never to mention his return again; for he was resolved never to see that country any more.

Partridge easily forgave, and faithfully promised to obey the injunction now laid upon him. And then Jones very briskly cried out; ‘since it is absolutely impossible for me to pursue any farther the steps of my angel—I will pursue those of glory. Come on, my brave lad, now for the army;—It is a glorious
‘ cause

‘ cause, and I would willingly sacrifice my life in it, even though it was worth my preserving.’ And so saying, he immediately struck into the different road from that which the Squire had taken, and, by mere chance, pursued the very same through which Sophia had before passed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile, without speaking a syllable to each other, tho’ Jones, indeed, muttered many things to himself. As to Partridge, he was profoundly silent: for he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former fright: besides, he had apprehensions of provoking his friend to a second fit of wrath; especially as he now began to entertain a conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great wonder in the reader. In short, he began now to suspect that Jones was absolutely out of his senses.

At length, Jones being weary of soliloquy, addressed himself to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity: for which the poor man very honestly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now this fear being pretty well removed, by the most absolute promises of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue, which, perhaps, rejoiced no less at regaining its liberty, than a young colt when the bridle is slipt from his neck, and he is turned loose into the pastures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would have first suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. ‘ Certainly, Sir,’ says he, ‘ that could never be a man, who dresses himself, and lives after such a strange manner, and so unlike other folks. Besides, his diet, as the old woman told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter food a horse than a christian: nay, landlord at Upton says, that the neighbours thereabouts have very fearful notions about him. It runs strangely in my head, that it must have been some spirit, who, perhaps, might be sent to forwarn us: and who knows, but all that

‘ that matter which he told us of his going to fight,
 ‘ and of his being taken prisoner, and of the great
 ‘ danger he was in of being hanged, might be intend-
 ‘ ed as a warning to us, considering what we are go-
 ‘ ing about: besides, I dreamt of nothing at all last
 ‘ night, but of fighting; and methought the blood ran
 ‘ out of my nose, as liquor out of a tap. Indeed, Sir,
 ‘ *infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*’

‘ Thy story, Partridge,’ answered Jones, ‘ is almost
 ‘ as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more
 ‘ likely to happen than death to men who go into bat-
 ‘ tle. Perhaps we shall both fall in it,—and what
 ‘ then? ‘ What then!’ replied Partridge. ‘ Why
 ‘ then there is an end of us, is there not? When I am
 ‘ gone, all is over with me. What matters the cause,
 ‘ to me, or who gets the victory, if I am killed? I
 ‘ shall never enjoy any advantage from it. What are
 ‘ all the ringing of bells and bonfires, to one that is
 ‘ six foot under ground! There will be an end of poor
 ‘ Partridge.’ ‘ And an end of poor Partridge,’ cries
 ‘ Jones, ‘ there must be one time or other. If you
 ‘ love Latin, I will repeat you some fine lines out of
 ‘ Horace, which would inspire courage into a cow-
 ‘ ard:

“ Dulce & decorum est pro patriâ mori.

“ Mors & fugacem persequitur virum

“ Néc parcat imbellis juventæ

“ Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.”

‘ I wish you would construe them,’ cries Par-
 ‘ tridge; ‘ for Horace is a hard author,’ and I cannot
 ‘ understand as you repeat them.’

‘ I will repeat you a bad imitation, or rather para-
 ‘ phrase of my own,’ said Jones; ‘ for I am but an
 ‘ indifferent poet:

‘ Who would not die in his dear country’s cause?

‘ Since, if base fears his dastard step withdraws,

‘ From death he cannot fly:—One common grave

‘ Receives, at last, the coward and the brave.’

‘ That’s

‘ That’s very certain,’ cries Partridge. ‘ Ay, sure, *mors omnibus communis*: But there is a great difference between dying in one’s bed a great many years hence, like a good christian, with all our friends crying about us, and being shot to-day or to-morrow, like a mad dog; or, perhaps, hacked in twenty pieces with a sword, and that too before we have repented of all our sins. Oh! Lord have mercy upon us! To be sure, the soldiers are a wicked kind of people. I never loved to have any thing to do with them. I could hardly bring myself ever to look upon them as christians. There is nothing but cursing and swearing among them. I wish your honour would repent: I heartily wish you would repent, before it is too late; and not think of going among them.—Evil communication corrupts good manners. That is my principal reason. For as for that matter, I am no more afraid than another man, not I; as to matter of that. I know all human flesh must die; but yet a man may live many years for all that. Why I am a middle aged man now, and yet I may live a great number of years. I have read of several who have lived to be above a hundred, and some a great deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, I mean that I promise myself, to live to any such age as that neither.—But if it be only to eighty or ninety: Heaven be praised, that is a great ways off yet; and I am not afraid of dying then, no more than another man; but, surely, to tempt death before a man’s time is come, seems to me downright wickedness and presumption. Besides, if it was to do any good indeed; but let the cause be what it will, what mighty matter of good can two people do? And, for my part, I understand nothing of it. I never fired off a gun above ten times in my life; and then it was not charged with bullets. And for the sword, I never learned to fence, and know nothing of the matter. And then there are those cannons, which certainly it must be
‘ thought

'thought the highest presumption to go in the way of; and no body but a madman—I ask pardon; upon my soul, I meant no harm: I beg I may not throw your honour into another passion.'

'Be under no apprehension, Partridge,' cries Jones; 'I am now so well convinced of thy cowardice, that thou couldst not provoke me on any account.'—'Your honour,' answered he, 'may call me coward, or any thing else you please. If loving to sleep in a whole skin makes a man a coward, *non immunes ab illis malis sumus*. I never read in my grammar that a man can't be a good man without fighting. *Vir bonus est quis? Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat*. Not a word of fighting; and I am sure the scripture is so much against it, that a man shall never persuade me he is a good christian, while he sheds christian blood.'

CHAP. IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man.

JUST as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine with which the last chapter concluded, they arrived at another cross-way, when a lame fellow in rags asked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a severe rebuke, saying, 'Every parish ought to keep their own poor.' Jones then fell a-laughing, and asked Partidge, if he was not athamed, with so much charity in his mouth, to have no charity in his heart. 'Your religion,' says he, 'serves you only for an excuse for your faults, but is no incentive to your virtue. Can any man who is really a christian abstain from relieving one of his brethren in such a miserable condition?' And at the same time putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor object a shilling.

'Master,' cries the fellow, after thanking him, 'I have a curious thing here in my pocket which I found about two miles off, if your worship will please,

‘ please to buy it. I should not venture to pull it out to every one; but as you are so good a gentleman, and so kind to the poor, you won’t suspect a man of being a thief only because he is poor.’ He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered into the hands of Jones.

Jones presently opened it, and (guess, reader, what he felt) saw in the first page the words Sophia Western, written by her own fair hand. He no sooner read the name, than he prest it close to his lips; nor could he avoid falling into some very frantic raptures, notwithstanding his company; but, perhaps, these very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kissing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown butter’d crust in his mouth, or as if he had really been a bookworm, or an author who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who presently perceived it to be a bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very bill which Western had given his daughter, the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchase it at five shillings less than 100 l.

The eyes of Partridge sparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud; and so did (though with somewhat a different aspect) those of the poor fellow who had found the book; and who (I hope from a principle of honesty) had never opened it: but we should not deal honestly by the reader, if we omitted to inform him of a circumstance, which may be here a little material, viz. That the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and transport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new discovery: for his imagination instantly suggested to him, that the owner of the bill might possibly want it, before he should be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the
finder,

finder, that he knew the lady to whom the book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as soon as possible, and return it her.

The pocket-book was a late present from Mrs. Western to her niece; it had cost five and twenty shillings, having been bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value of the silver, which it contained in its clasp, was about 18d. and that price the said toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it first issued from his shop, would now have given for it. A prudent person would, however, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance this fellow, and would not have offered more than a shilling, or perhaps sixpence, for it; nay, some perhaps would have given nothing, and left the fellow to his action of trover, which some learned serjeants may doubt whether he could, under these circumstances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whose character was on the outside of generosity, and may perhaps not very unjustly have been suspected of extravagance, without any hesitation, gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The poor man, who had not for a long time before been possessed of so much treasure, gave Mr. Jones a thousand thanks, and discovered little less of transport in his muscles, than Jones had before shewn, when he had first read the name of Sophia Western.

The fellow very readily agreed to attend our travellers to the place where he had found the pocket-book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not so fast as Mr. Jones desired; for his guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not possibly travel faster than a mile an hour. As this place, therefore, was at above three miles distance, though the fellow had said otherwise, the reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the book a hundred times during their

their walk, kissed it as often, talked much to himself, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide expressed some signs of astonishment to Partridge; who more than once shook his head, and cry'd, 'Poor gentleman! *orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*'

At length they arrived at the very spot where Sophia unhappily dropt the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones offered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace; but the fellow, in whom that violent surprize and joy which the first receipt of the guinea had occasioned was now considerably abated, and who had now sufficient time to recollect himself, put on a discontented look, and, scratching his head, said, 'He hoped his worship would give him something more. Your worship,' said he, 'will, I hope, take it into your consideration, that if I had not been honest I might have kept the whole.' And, indeed, this the reader must confess to have been true. 'If the paper there,' said he, 'be worth 100l. I am sure the finding it deserves more than a guinea. Besides, suppose your worship should never see the lady, nor give it her——and though your worship looks and talks very much like a gentleman, yet I have only your worship's bare word: and, certainly, if the right owner ben't to be found, it all belongs to the first finder. I hope your worship will consider all these matters. I am but a poor man, and therefore do'nt desire to have all; but it is but reasonable I should have my share. Your worship looks like a good man, and, I hope, will consider my honesty: for I might have kept every farthing, and no body ever the wiser.'—'I promise thee, upon my honour,' cries Jones, 'that I know the right owner, and will restore it her.'—'Nay, your worship,' answered the fellow, 'may do as you please as to that: if you will but give me my share, that is one half of the money; your honour
may

‘ may keep the rest yourself, if you please;’ and concluded with swearing, by a very vehement oath, ‘ that he would never mention a syllable of it to any man living.’

‘ Looke, friend, cries Jones, ‘ the right owner shall certainly have again all that she lost; and as for any farther gratuity, I really cannot give it you at present; but let me know your name, and where you live, and it is more than possible, you may hereafter have further reason to rejoice at this morning’s adventure.’

‘ I don’t know what you mean by venture,’ cries the fellow; ‘ it seems I must venture whether you will return the lady her money or no: but I hope your worship will consider——’ ‘ Come, come,’ said Partridge, ‘ tell his honour your name, and where you may be found; I warrant you will never repent having put the money into his hands.’ The fellow, seeing no hopes of recovering the possession of the pocket-book, at last complied in giving in his name and place of abode, which Jones writ upon a piece of paper with the pencil of Sophia, and then placing the paper in the same page where she had writ her name, he cried out, ‘ There, friend, you are the happiest man alive; I have joined your name to that of an angel.’—‘ I don’t know any thing about angels,’ answered the fellow; but I wish you would give me a little more money, or else return me the pocket-book.’ Partridge now waxed wroth: he called the poor cripple by several vile opprobrious names, and was absolutely proceeding to beat him, but Jones would not suffer any such thing; and now telling the fellow he would certainly find some opportunity of serving him, Mr. Jones departed as fast as his heels would carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pounds had infused new spirits, followed his leader; while the man, who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his parents; ‘ For had they,’ says he,

‘ sent

‘ sent me to charity school to learn to write and read;
 ‘ and cast accounts, I should have known the value
 ‘ of these matters as well as other people.’

C H A P. V.

*Containing more Adventures which Mr. Jones and his
 companion met on the road.*

OUR travellers now walked so fast, that they had very little time or breath for conversation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the bank-bill, which, though it gave him some pleasure, caused him at the same time to repine at fortune, which, in all his walks, had never given him such an opportunity of shewing his honesty. They had proceeded above three miles, when Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to slacken his pace: with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for some time lost the footsteps of the horses, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for several miles, and he was now upon a wide common where were several roads.

He here therefore stopt to consider which of these roads he should pursue, when on a sudden they heard the noise of a drum that seemed at no great distance. This sound presently alarmed the fears of Partridge, and he cried out, ‘ Lord have mercy upon us all! ‘ they are certainly a-coming!’ ‘ Who is coming?’ cries Jones; for fear had long since given place to softer ideas in his mind; and since his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on pursuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of an enemy. ‘ Who!’ cries Partridge, ‘ why the ‘ rebels: But why should I call them rebels? they ‘ may be very honest gentlemen, for any thing I ‘ know to the contrary. The devil take him that ‘ affronts them, I say. I am sure, if they have no- ‘ thing to say to me, I will have nothing to say to
 8. E them,

‘ them, but in a civil way. For Heaven’s sake, Sir; don’t affront them, if they should come, and perhaps they may do us no harm; but would it not be the wiser way to creep into some of yonder bushes till they are gone by? What can two unarmed men do perhaps against fifty thousand? Certainly no body but a madman; I hope your honour is not offended; but certainly no man who hath *mens sana in corpore sano*’——Here Jones interrupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inspired, saying, ‘ That by the drum he perceived they were near some town.’ He then made directly towards the place whence the noise proceeded, bidding Partridge ‘ take courage, for that he would lead him into no danger;’ and adding, ‘ it was impossible the rebels should be so near.’

Partridge was a little comforted with this last assurance; and though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating time, but not after the manner of heroes, to the music of the drum, which ceased not till they had traversed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, discovered something painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him, which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a bellowing, ‘ Oh! Lord, Sir, here they are; there is the crown and coffin. Oh Lord! I never saw any thing so terrible; and we are within gunshot of them already.’

Jones no sooner looked up, than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus mistaken. ‘ Partridge,’ says he, ‘ I fancy you will be able to engage this whole army yourself; for by the colours I guess what the drum was which we heard before, and which beats up for recruits to a puppet-show.’

“A puppet-show!” answered Partridge, with most eager transport. “And is it really no more than that? I love a puppet-show of all the pakimes upon earth. Do, good Sir, let us tarry and see it. Besides, I am quite famished to death; for it is now almost dark, and I have not eat a morsel since three o’clock in the morning.”

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an alehouse, where Jones was prevailed upon to stop, the rather as he had no longer any assurance of being in the road he desired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to enquire if no ladies had passed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examined into the state of their provisions; and indeed his inquiry met with the better success; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia; but Partridge, to his great satisfaction, found good reason to expect very shortly the agreeable sight of an excellent smoaking dish of eggs and bacon.

In strong and healthy constitutions, love hath a very different effect from what it causes in the puny part of the species. In the latter, it generally destroys all that appetite which tends towards the conservation of the individual; but in the former, though it often induces forgetfulness, and a neglect of food, as well as of every thing else; yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the present case; for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty stomach; yet no sooner did he sit down to the bacon and eggs, than he fell to, as heartily and voraciously as Partridge himself.

Before our travellers had finished their dinner, night came on; and as the moon was now past the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to stay and see the puppet-show,

which was just going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the master of the said show, who declared that his figures were the finest which the world had ever produced, and that they had given great satisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-show was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and serious part of the Provok'd Husband; and it was indeed a very grave and solemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jests; or, to do it no more than justice, without any thing which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleased. A grave matron told the master she would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not show any stuff; and an attorney's clerk and an exciseman both declared, that the characters of Lord and Lady Townley were well preserved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewise concurred with this opinion.

The master was so highly elated with these encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding some more of his own. He said, 'The present age was not improved in any thing so much as in their puppet-shows; which, by throwing out Punch and his wife Joan, and such idle trumpery, were at last brought to be a rational entertainment. I remember,' said he, 'when I first took to the business, there was a great deal of low stuff, that did very well to make folks laugh; but was never calculated to improve the morals of young people, which certainly ought to be principally aimed at in every puppet-show: for why may not good and instructive lessons be conveyed this way, as well as any other? My figures are as big as the life, and they represent the life in every particular; and I question not but people rise from my little drama as much improved as they do from the great.' 'I would by no means degrade the ingenuity of your profession,' answered Jones; 'but

‘ I should have been glad to have seen my old acquaintance Master Punch, for all that ; and so far from improving, I think, by leaving out him and his merry wife Joan, you have spoiled your puppet-show.’

The dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones, from these words. And with much disdain in his countenance, he replied, ‘ Very probably, Sir, that may be your opinion ; but I have the satisfaction to know the best judges differ from you, and it is impossible to please every taste. I confess, indeed, some of the quality at Bath, two or three years ago, wanted mightily to bring Punch again upon the stage. I believe I lost some money for not agreeing to it ; but let others do as they will ; a little matter shall never bribe me to degrade my own profession, nor will I ever willingly consent to the spoiling the decency and regularity of my stage, by introducing any such low stuff upon it.’

‘ Right, friend,’ cries the clerk, ‘ you are very right. Always avoid what is low. There are several of my acquaintance in London, who are resolved to drive every thing which is low from the stage.’ ‘ Nothing can be more proper,’ cries the exciseman, pulling his pipe from his mouth. ‘ I remember,’ added he, ‘ (for I then lived with my lord) I was in the footman’s gallery, the night when this play of the Provoked Husband was acted first. There was a great deal of low stuff in it about a country gentleman come up to town to stand for parliament-man ; and there they brought a parcel of his servants upon the stage, his coachman I remember particularly ; but the gentlemen in our gallery could not bear any thing so low, and they damned it. I observe, friend, you have left all that matter out, and you are to be commended for it.’

'Nay, Gentlemen,' cries Jones, 'I can never maintain my opinion against so many; indeed, if the generality of his audience dislike him, the learned gentleman who conducts the show may have done very right in dismissing Punch from his service.'

The master of the show then began a second harangue, and said much of the great force of example, and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by observing how odious it was in their superiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at present, but not in this chapter.

CH A P. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the best things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

A Violent uproar now arose in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fist and tongue. She had indeed missed the wench from her employment, and, after a little search, had found her on the puppet-show stage in company with the Merry Andrew, and in a situation not very proper to be described.

Though Grace (for that was her name) had forfeited all title to modesty, yet had she not impudence enough to deny a fact in which she was actually surpris'd; she therefore took another turn, and attempted to mitigate the offence. 'Why do you beat me in this manner, Mistress?' cries the wench. 'If you don't like my doings, you may turn me away. If I am a w—e,' (for the other had liberally bestowed that appellation on her) 'my betters are so as well as I? What was the fine lady in the puppet-show just now? I suppose she did

not lie all night out from her husband for nothing.'

The landlady now burst into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her husband and the poor puppet-mover. 'Here, husband,' says she, 'you see the consequence of harbouring these people in your house. If one doth draw a little drink the more for them, one is hardly made amends for the litter they make; and then to have one's house made a bawdy-house of by such lousy vermin. In short, I desire you would be gone to-morrow morning; for I will tolerate no more such doings. It is only the way to teach our servants idleness and nonsense; for, to be sure, nothing better can be learned by such idle shows as these. I remember when puppet-shows were made of good scripture stories, as Jephtha's rash vow, and such good things, and when wicked people were carried away by the devil. There was some sense in those matters; but, as the parson told us last Sunday, nobody believes in the devil now-a-days; and here you bring about a parcel of puppets drest up like lords and ladies, only to turn the heads of poor country wenches; and when their heads are once turned topsy-turvy, no wonder every thing else is so.'

Virgil, I think, tells us, that when the mob are assembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and all sorts of missile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongst them, the tumult is presently appeased, and the mob, which, when collected into one body, may be well compared to an ass, erect their long ears at the grave man's discourse.

On the contrary, when a set of grave men and philosophers are disputing; when Wisdom herself may in a manner be considered as present, and administering arguments to the disputants; should a tumult rise among the mob, or should one scold, who is herself equal in noise to a mighty mob, ap-

appear among the said philosophers: their disputes cease in a moment, wisdom no longer performs her ministerial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the scold alone.

Thus the uproar aforesaid, and the arrival of the landlady silenced the master of the puppet-show, and put a speedy and final end to that grave and solemn harangue, of which we have given the reader a sufficient taste already. Nothing indeed could have happened so very inopportune as this accident; the most wanton malice of fortune could not have contrived such another stratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was so triumphantly descanting on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually stopt, as that of a quack must be, if, in the midst of a declamation on the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpse of one of his martyrs should be brought forth, and deposited before the stage, as a testimony of his skill.

Instead therefore of answering my landlady, the puppet-show man ran out to punish his Merry Andrew; and now the moon beginning to put forth her silver light, as the poets call it (though she looked at that time more like a piece of copper) Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady had just awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge, having lately carried two points, as my reader hath seen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was, to prevail with Jones to take up a lodging that evening in the house where he then was. He introduced this with an affected surprize at the intention which Mr. Jones declared of removing; and after urging many excellent arguments against it, he at last insisted strongly, that it could be to no manner of purpose whatever: for that unless Jones knew which way the lady was gone, every step he took might very possibly lead him the farther from her; 'for you find, Sir,' said he, 'by all the people in the
house,

‘ house, that she is not gone this way. How much
‘ better therefore would it be to stay till the morn-
‘ ing, when we may expect to meet with somebody
‘ to enquire of ?’

‘ This last argument had indeed some effect on Jones ; and while he was weighing it, the landlord threw all the rhetoric of which he was master, into the same scale. ‘ Sure, Sir,’ said he, ‘ your servant gives
‘ you most excellent advice : for who would travel
‘ by night at this time of the year ?’ He then began, in the usual stile, to trumpet forth the excellent accommodation which his house afforded ; and my landlady likewise opened on the occasion.—But not to detain the reader with what is common to every host and hostess, it is sufficient to tell him, Jones was at last prevailed on to stay and refresh himself with a few hours rest, which indeed he very much wanted ; for he had hardly shut his eyes since he left the inn where the accident of the broken head had happened.

As soon as Jones had taken a resolution to proceed no farther that night, he presently retired to bed, with his two bedfellows, the pocket-book and the muff ; but Partridge, who at several times had refreshed himself with several naps, was more inclined to eating than to sleeping, and more to drinking than to either.

And now the storm which Grace had raised being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his side forgave the indecent reflections which the good woman in her passion had cast on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tranquillity reigned in the kitchen ; where sat assembled round the fire the landlord and landlady of the house, the master of the puppet-show, the attorney’s clerk, the exciseman, and the ingenious Mr. Partridge ; in which company, past the agreeable conversation which will be found in the next chapter.

C H A P. VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company assembled in the kitchen.

THOUGH the pride of Partridge did not submit to acknowledge himself a servant; yet he condescended in most particulars to imitate the manners of that rank. One instance of this was his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones; such is a general custom with all servants among strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar; for the higher the situation of the master is, the higher consequently is that of the man in his own opinion; the truth of which observation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But tho' title and fortune communicate a splendor all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of estate think themselves entitled to a part of that respect which is paid to the quality and estate of their masters; it is otherwise with regard to virtue and understanding. These advantages are strictly personal, and swallow themselves all the respect which is paid to them. To say truth, this is so very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As these therefore reflect no honour on the domestic, so neither is he at all dishonoured by the most deplorable want of both in his masters. Indeed it is otherwise in the want of what is called virtue in a mistress, the consequence of which we have before seen; for in this dishonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it.

Now for these reasons we are not to wonder that servants (I mean among the men only) should have so great regard for the reputation of the wealth of their masters, and little or none at all for their character in other points, and that tho' they would be ashamed to
be

be the-footman of a beggar, they are not so to attend upon a rogue, or a blockhead; and do consequently make no scruple to spread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their masters as far as possible, and this often with great humor and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit, as well as a beau, at the expence of the gentleman whose livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vast fortune to which Mr. Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehension which he had begun to conceive the day before, and for which as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones seemed to have furnished a sufficient foundation. In short, he was now pretty well confirmed in an opinion, that his master was out of his wits, with which opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

With this sentiment the puppet-show man immediately coincided. 'I own,' said he, 'the gentleman surprized me very much, when he talked so absurdly about puppet-shows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived, that any man in his senses should be so much mistaken; what you say now, accounts very well for all his monstrous notions. Poor gentleman! I am heartily concerned for him; indeed, he hath a strange wildness about his eyes, which I took notice of before, tho' I did not mention it.'

The landlord agreed with this last assertion, and likewise claimed the sagacity of having observed it. And certainly,' added he, 'it must be so; for no one but a madman would have thought of leaving so good a house, to ramble about the country at that time of night.'

The exciseman, pulling his pipe from his mouth, said, 'He thought the gentleman looked and talked a little wildly;' and then turning to Partridge, 'If he be a madman,' says he, 'he should not be suffered to travel thus about the country; for possibly

- he may do some mischief. It is pity he was not
- secured and sent home to his relations.'

Now some conceits of this kind were likewise lurking in the mind of Partridge: for as he was now persuaded that Jones had run away from Mr. Allworthy, he promised himself the highest rewards, if he could by any means convey him back. But fear of Jones, of whose fierceness and strength he had seen, and indeed felt, some instances, had however represented any such scheme as impossible to be executed, and had discouraged him from applying himself to form any regular plan for the purpose. But no sooner did he hear the sentiments of the exciseman, than he embraced that opportunity of declaring his own, and expressed a hearty wish that such a matter could be brought about.

- 'Could be brought about?' says the exciseman;
- why there is nothing easier.'

'Ah! Sir,' answered Partridge; 'you don't know what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take me up with one hand, and throw me out of a window; and he would too, if he did but imagine——'

- 'Pooh!' says the exciseman, 'I believe I am as
- good a man as he. Besides, here are five of us.'

'I don't know what five,' cries the landlady: my husband shall have nothing to do in it; nor shall any violent hands be laid upon any body in my house. The young gentleman is as pretty a young gentleman as ever I saw in my life, and I believe he is no more mad than any of us. What do you tell of his having a wild look with his eyes? they are the prettiest eyes I ever saw, and he hath the prettiest look with them; and a very modest civil young man he is. I am sure I have befriended him heartily ever since the gentleman there in the corner told us he was crost in love. Certainly that is enough to make any man, especially such a sweet young gentleman as as he is, to look a little other wise than he did before. Lady, indeed! what the devil would

'the

‘ the lady have better than such a handsome man with
 ‘ a great estate? I suppose she is one of your quality-
 ‘ folks, one of your townly ladies that we saw last
 ‘ night in the puppet-show, who don’t know what
 ‘ they would be at.’

The attorney’s clerk likewise declared he would have no concern in the business, without the advice of counsel. ‘ Suppose,’ says he, ‘ an action of false imprisonment should be brought against us, what defence could we make? Who knows what may be sufficient evidence of madness to a jury? But I only speak upon my own account; for it don’t look well for a lawyer to be concerned in these matters, unless it be as a lawyer. Juries are always less favourable to us than to other people. I don’t therefore dissuade you, Mr. Thomson, (to the exciseman) nor the gentleman, nor any body else.’

The exciseman shook his head at this speech, and the puppet-show man said, ‘ madness was sometimes a difficult matter for a jury to decide: for I remember,’ says he, ‘ I was once present at a trial of madness, where twenty witnesses swore that the person was as mad as a March hare; and twenty others that he was as much in his senses as any man in England. —And indeed it was the opinion of most people, that it was only a trick of his relations to rob the poor man of his right.’

‘ Very likely!’ cries the landlady: ‘ I myself knew a poor gentleman who was kept in a madhouse all his life by his family, and they enjoyed his estate; but it did them no good: for tho’ the law gave it them, it was the right of another.’

‘ Pooh!’ cries the clerk, with great contempt, ‘ Who hath any right but what the law gives them? If the law gave me the best estate in the county, I should never trouble myself much who had the right.’

‘ If it be so,’ says Partridge, ‘ *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum,*’

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My landlord, who had been called out by the arrival of a horseman at the gate, now returned into the kitchen, and with an affrighted countenance cried out, 'What do you think, gentlemen? The rebels have given the duke the slip, and are got almost to London.—It is certainly true, for a man on horse-back just now told me so.'

'I am glad of it with all my heart,' cries Partridge, 'then there will be no fighting in these parts.'

'I am glad,' cries the clerk, 'for a better reason; for I would always have right take place.'

'Ay, but,' answered the landlord, 'I have heard some people say, this man hath no right.'

'I will prove the contrary in a moment,' cries the clerk; 'if my father died seized of a right; do you mind me, seized of a right, I say; doth not that right descend to his son? And doth not one right descend as well as another?'

'But how can he have any right to make us papishes?' says the landlord.

'Never fear that,' cries Partridge. 'As to the matter of right, the gentleman there hath proved it as clear as the sun; and as to the matter of religion, it is quite out of the case. The papists themselves don't expect any such thing. A popish priest, whom I know very well, and who is a very honest man, told me upon his word and honour they had no such design.'

'And another priest of my acquaintance,' said the landlady, 'hath told me the same thing—But my husband is always so afraid of papishes. I know a great many papishes that are very honest sort of people, and spend their money very freely; and it is always a maxim with me, that one man's money is as good as another's.'

'Very true, mistress,' said the puppet-show man, 'I don't care what religion comes, provided the presbyterians are not uppermost; for they are enemies to puppet-shows.'

'And

‘And so you would sacrifice your religion to your interest,’ cries the exciseman; ‘and are desirous to see popery brought in, are you?’

‘Not I truly,’ answered the other; ‘I hate popery as much as any man; but yet it is a very comfort to one, that one should be able to live under it, which I could not do among presbyterians. To be sure every man values his livelihood first; that must be granted; and I warrant if you would confess the truth, you are more afraid of losing your place than any thing else; but never fear, friend, there will be an excise under another government as well as under this.’

‘Why certainly,’ replied the exciseman, ‘I should be a very ill man, if I did not honour the king, whose bread I eat. That is no more than natural, as a man may say: for what signifies it to me that there would be an excise office under another government, since my friends would be out, and I could expect no better than to follow them? No, no, friend, I shall never be bubbled out of my religion in hopes only of keeping my place under another government; for I should certainly be no better, and and very probably might be worse.’

‘Why, that is what I say,’ cries the landlord, ‘whenever folks say who knows what may happen? Odsooks! should not I be a blockhead to lend my money to I know not who, because mayhap he may return it again? I am sure it is safe in my own bureau, and there I will keep it.’

The attorney’s clerk had taken a great fancy to the sagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great discernment which the former had into men, as well as things, or whether it arose from the sympathy between their minds: for they were both truly Jacobites in principle; they now shook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of strong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

These healths were afterwards pledged by all present,

sent, and even by my landlord himself, tho' reluctant-ly; but he could not withstand the menaces of the clerk, who swore he would never set his foot within his house again, if he refused. The bumpers which were swallowed on this occasion soon put an end to the conversation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

In which Fortune seems to have been in a better humour with Jones than we have hitherto seen her.

AS there is no wholesomer, so perhaps there are few stronger sleeping potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be said to have taken a very large dose, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already slept nine hours, and might perhaps have slept longer, had he not been awakened by a most violent noise at his chamber door, where the sound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones presently leapt from his bed, where he found the master of the puppet-show belabouring the back and ribs of his poor Merry Andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

Jones instantly interposed on behalf of the suffering party, and pinned the insulting conqueror up to the wall: for the puppet-show man was no more able to contend with Jones, than the poor party-coloured jester had been to contend with this puppet-man.

But tho' the Merry Andrew was a little fellow, and not very strong, he had nevertheless some choler about him. He therefore no sooner found himself delivered from the enemy, than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he first discharged a volley of general abusive words, and thence proceeded to some particular accusations—

'D—n your blood, you rascal,' says he, 'I have not only supported you, (for to me you owe all the money you get) but I have saved you from the gallows.
' Did

‘Did you not want to rob the lady of her fine riding-habit, no longer ago than yesterday, in the back-lane here? Can you deny that you wished to have her alone in a wood to strip her, to strip one of the prettiest ladies that ever was seen in the world? And here you have fallen upon me, and have almost murdered me for doing no harm to a girl as willing as myself, only because she likes me better than you.’

Jones no sooner heard this, than he quitted the master, laying on him at the same time the most violent injunctions of forbearance from any further insult on the Merry Andrew; and then taking the poor wretch with him into his own apartment, he soon learnt tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was attending his master with his drum the day before, had seen pass by. He easily prevailed with the lad to shew him the exact place; and then, having summoned Partridge, he departed with the utmost expedition.

It was almost eight of the clock before all matters could be got ready for his departure: for Partridge was not in any haste; nor could the reckoning be presently adjusted; and when both these were settled and over, Jones would not quit the place, before he had perfectly reconciled all differences between the master and the man.

When this was happily accomplished, he set forwards, and was by the trusty Merry Andrew conducted to the spot by which Sophia had passed; and then having handsomely rewarded his conductor, he again pushed on with the utmost eagerness, being highly delighted with the extraordinary manner in which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge was no sooner acquainted, than he, with great earnestness, began to prophesy, and assured Jones, that he would certainly have good success in the end: for, he said, ‘two such accidents could never have happened to direct him after his mistress, if providence had not designed to bring them together at last.’ And this

was the first time that Jones lent any attention to the superstitious doctrines of his companion.

They had not gone above two miles, when a violent storm of rain overtook them; and as they happened to be at the same time in sight of an alehouse, Partridge, with much earnest entreaty, prevailed with Jones to enter, and weather the storm. Hunger is an enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the English than of the French disposition; for though you subdue this never so often, it will always rally again in time; and so it did with Partridge, who was no sooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to ask the same questions which he had asked the night before. The consequence of this was an excellent old chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himself, made a very hearty breakfast, though the latter began to grow again uneasy, as the people of the house could give him no fresh information concerning Sophia.

Their meal being over, Jones was again preparing to sally, notwithstanding the violence of the storm still continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another mug; and at last casting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that instant was looking as earnestly at him, he turned suddenly to Jones, and cried, 'Master, give me your hand, a single mug shan't serve the turn this bout. Why, here's more news of Madam Sophia come to town. The boy there standing by the fire is the very lad that rode before her. I can swear to my own plaster on his face.' 'Heaven's bless you, Sir,' cries the boy, 'it is your own plaster sure enough; I shall have always reason to remember your goodness; for it hath almost cured me.'

At these words Jones started from his chair, and bidding the boy follow him immediately, departed from the kitchen into a private apartment; for so delicate

lieate was he with regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned her name in the presence of many people; and though he had, as it were, from the overflowings of his heart, given Sophia as a toast among the officers, where he thought it was impossible she should be known; yet even there the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her surname.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the opinion of many sagacious readers, very absurd and monstrous, that he should principally owe his present misfortunes to the supposed want of that delicacy with which he so abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which she thought (and not without good reason) he had taken with her name and character, than at any freedoms, in which, under his present circumstances, he had indulged himself with the person of another woman; and to say truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without seeing her Jones, had it not been for these two strong instances of a levity in his behaviour, so void of respect, and indeed so highly inconsistent with any degree of love and tenderness in great and delicate minds.

But so matters fell out, and so I must relate them; and if any reader is shocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I must remind such persons, that I am not writing a system, but a history, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions concerning truth and nature. But if this was never so easy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For instance, as the fact at present before us now stands, without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at first sight offend some readers, yet, upon more mature consideration, it must please all; for wise and good men may consider what happened to Jones at Upton as a just punishment for his wickedness, with regard to women, of which it was indeed the immediate consequence;

quence; and silly and bad persons may comfort themselves in their vices, by flattering their own hearts that the characters of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue. Now perhaps the reflection which we should be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both these conclusions, and would shew that these incidents contribute only to confirm the great, useful and uncommon doctrine, which it is the purpose of this whole work to inculcate, and which we must not fill up our pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary parson fills his sermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it must appear, however unhappily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, she had sufficient reason for her opinion; since, I believe, every other young lady would, in her situation, have erred in the same manner. Nay, had she followed her lover at this very time, and had entered this very alchouse the moment he was departed from it, she would have found the landlord as well acquainted with her name and person as the wench at Upton had appeared to be. For while Jones was examining his boy in whispers in an inner room, Partridge, who had no such delicacy in his disposition, was in the kitchen very openly catechising the other guide who had attended Mrs. Fitzpatrick; by which means the landlord, whose ears were open on all such occasions, became perfectly well acquainted with the tumble of Sophia from her horse, &c. with the mistake concerning Jenny Cameron, with the many consequences of the punch, and, in short, with almost every thing which had happened at the inn, whence we dispatched our ladies in a coach and six, when we last took our leaves of them.

A FOUNDLING.

CHAP. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd observations.

JONES had been absent a full half hour, when he returned into the kitchen in a hurry, desiring the landlord to let him know that instant what was to pay. And now the concern which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the warm chimney-corner, and a cup of excellent liquor, was somewhat compensated by hearing that he was to proceed no farther on foot; for Jones, by golden arguments, had prevailed with the boy to attend him back to the inn whither he had before conducted Sophia; but to this however the lad consented, upon condition that the other guide would wait for him at the alehouse; because, as the landlord at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the landlord at Gloucester, it might some time or other come to the ears of the latter, that his horses had been let to more than one person; and so the boy might be brought to account for money which he wisely intended to put in his own pocket.

We were obliged to mention this circumstance, trifling as it may seem, since it retarded Mr. Jones a considerable time in his setting out; for the honesty of this latter boy was somewhat high—that is somewhat high priced, and would indeed have cost Jones very dear, had not Partridge, who, as we have said, was a very cunning fellow, artfully thrown in half a crown to be spent at that very alehouse, while the boy was waiting for his companion. This half crown the landlord no sooner got scent of, than he opened after it with such a vehement and persuasive outcry, that the boy was soon overcome, and consented to take half a crown more for his stay. Here we cannot help observing, that as there is so much of policy in the lowest life, great men often overvalue themselves on those refinements in imposture, in which they

they are frequently excelled by some of the lowest of the human species.

The horses being now produced, Jones directly leapt into the side-saddle, on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad indeed very civilly offered him the use of his; but he chose the side-saddle, probably because it was softer. Partridge, however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thoughts of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer; and now Jones being mounted on the side-saddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs. Honour, and Partridge bestriding the third horse, they set forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the reader hath already spent so much time. Partridge was in very high spirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future success, which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the least superstitious, must allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was moreover better pleased with the present pursuit of his companion, than he had been with his pursuit of glory; and from these very omens, which assured the pedagogue of success, he likewise first acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones and Sophia; to which he had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong scent concerning the reasons of Jones's departure; and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened just before and after his leaving that place, to draw any other conclusions from thence, than that poor Jones was a downright madman: a conceit which was not at all disagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wildness, of which, he thought his behaviour on quitting Gloucester so well justified all the accounts he had formerly received. He was now however pretty well satisfied with his present expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier sentiments of his friend's understanding.

The

The clock had just struck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately bespoke post-horses; but unluckily there was not a horse to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder at, when he considers the hurry in which the whole nation, and especially this part of it, was at this time engaged, when expresses were passing and repassing every hour of the day and night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to escort him to Coventry; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn-yard, a person came up to him, and saluting him by his name, enquired how all the good family did in Somersetshire; and now Jones casting his eyes upon this person, presently discovered him to be Mr. Dowling the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Gloucester, and with much courtesy returned his salutation.

Dowling very earnestly pressed Mr. Jones to go no further that night; and backed his solicitations with many unanswerable arguments, such as, that it was almost dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by day-light, with many others equally good, some of which Jones had probably suggested to himself before; but as they were then ineffectual, so they were still; and he continued resolute in his design, even though he should be obliged to set out on foot.

When the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to stay, he as strenuously applied himself to persuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake this short journey, and at last concluded with saying, 'Do you think the gentleman won't very well reward you for your trouble?'

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in persuasion or entreaty, must have been visible to a curious observer; for he must have often seen,

seen, that when a father, a master, a wife, or any other person in authority, have stoutly adhered to a denial against all the reasons which a single man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the same sentiments by a second or third person, who hath undertaken the cause, without attempting to advance any thing new in its behalf; and hence perhaps proceeds the phrase of seconding an argument or a motion, and the great consequence this is of, in all assemblies of public debate. Hence likewise probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a gentleman (generally a serjeant) repeating for an hour together what another learned gentleman, who spoke just before him, had been saying.

Intead of accounting for this, we shall proceed in our usual manner to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad above mentioned, who submitted to the persuasions of Mr. Dowling, and promised once more to admit Jones into his side-saddle; but insisted on first giving the poor creatures a good bait, saying, they had travelled a great way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needless; for Jones, notwithstanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himself; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of those who consider animals as mere machines, and when they bury their spurs in the belly of their horse, imagine the spur and the horse to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beasts were eating their corn, or rather were supposed to eat it (for as the boy was taking care of himself in the kitchen, the hostler took great care that his corn should not be consumed in the stable); Mr. Jones, at the earnest desire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that gentleman into his room, where they sat down together over a bottle of wine.